Embrace the Darkness

[Part One]

(Plastic or metal pieces are being clattered against each other whilst a recorded man's voice lectures in the background.)
ASTROV [OC]: I can assure you they foresee every possible variant. As you know, initial flybys of the Cimmerian system made it clear that it is rich in minerals and is uninhabited. In other words, ideal for mining and commercial exploitation without any adverse environmental and cultural side-effects which might fall foul of the code of the Galactic Charter of Species Protection.
FERRAS: Oh, what?
HALIARD: (laughs) Mister H wins again. Yes!
FERRAS: You're cheating. You have to be.
HALIARD: You can't cheat at draughts, Ferras.
FERRAS: Let me see the rule book.
HALIARD: There aren't any rules.
FERRAS: Oh, so you just make it up as you go along.
HALIARD: No, I mean there isn't a rule book. You just know how to play it. It's a noble tradition of the Haliard family. My great-great-great-great-great grandfather passed it down to my great-great
FERRAS: Great-great-grandfather's pet canary. Yeah, yeah, yeah. All right, Haliard, I can't take another one of your ancient and revered family routines.
HALIARD: Ooo, touchy, aren't we?
(A klaxon sounds.)
COMPUTER: Airlock pressurisation in progress.
FERRAS: That'll be Orllensa.
HALIARD: No, really?
(Bing!)
FERRAS: That's her cooked.
(Airlock opens.)
COMPUTER: Airlock pressurisation effective. Airlock pressurisation effective.
HALIARD: Outlook still chilly, is it, boss?
(Orllensa is a slightly Eastern European or Russian sounding woman.)
ORLLENSA: Freezing. And I don't think I'll ever get used to how dark it is out there.
FERRAS: Not for much longer, boss.
ORLLENSA: Ah, Ferras. Help me get out of this suit. I think my joints has seized up.
FERRAS: Sure.
(Lots of unzipping.)
ORLLENSA: And didn't I ask you to pay attention to that recording of Professor Astrov's instructions?
HALIARD: We have. Well, we did. I mean, we've heard it before.
ORLLENSA: You mean you've played draughts through it before.
FERRAS: Look, the EPUs are up to full power. That's all we need to know, isn't it.
ORLLENSA: Well
HALIARD: And you've checked their positions and aim.
ORLLENSA: Yes, but I did ask
FERRAS: Then we're safe to push the button, collect our money and (John Wayne) get the hell off this rock, as the saying goes.
ORLLENSA: Why am I suspecting you two don't take me seriously as an authority figure.
FERRAS: Because we love you, Orllensa.
HALIARD: We love you.
BOTH: (high pitched and twee) We love you, love you so much. (laugh)
ORLLENSA: Oh, all right. Switch the Professor off.
(The recording stops. The men sigh.)
ORLLENSA: Just shut up and power up, you two.
HALIARD: Powering up.
FERRAS: All energy projection units reading maximum capacity.
ORLLENSA: Alignment?
HALIARD: On the button. Mental countdown to getting the hell out of here begins now.

FERRAS: (John Wayne) Roger that.
(Weird noise.)
FERRAS: What the?
HALIARD: Orllensa, what's happening?
COMPUTER: Alignment shift on central (unintelligible under noise and klaxons)
ORLLENSA: The whole place is shifting.
HALIARD: What? How can that be happening?
FERRAS: Yeah, how can this be happening? Aren't we talking unbreakable metal supports buried hundred of feet below the surface, that sort of thing?
HALIARD: Yeah, that was the sales pitch, yeah.
ORLLENSA: Oh, shut up, you two. External scanners are showing the foundations buckling.
FERRAS: Hold on!
ORLLENSA: What the hell's going on?
(All cry out, then the noise suddenly stops. Echoing voices.)
ORLLENSA: Everyone all right?
FERRAS: Yeah. Haliard?
HALIARD: No. Me arm. Ow!
FERRAS: My guess is that this is going to put your central EPU way out of alignment, Orllensa.
ORLLENSA: You don't say.
(Creaking.)
HALIARD: Oh no.
FERRAS: What now?
ORLLENSA: Main power levels falling fast.
HALIARD: The lights. Oh no. Please no.
ORLLENSA: Oh, my God. You're right. We're losing light. Ferras, emergency lamps, now.
FERRAS: Right.
(Creaking.)
HALIARD: Oh God, that's it. Shoot.
FERRAS: I can't see a thing.
HALIARD: Oh God, God, oh God. A planet with no sun, and the lights go out. This is not good!
ORLLENSA: Let's not panic, people. Ferras, the lamps should be in the locker to your left.
FERRAS: Ah! Got it. Hey, what are you doing over here? Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: I haven't moved.
FERRAS: But I, I felt something touch my arm. I. Oh no.
ORLLENSA: Emergency transmit. Emergency transmit. Where the hell are you? Got it.
HALIARD: Go, Orllensa, go, before the last drop of juice disappears.
ORLLENSA: Mayday, mayday, mayday. Recognition code 2307001600 O 100. Cimmeria Four Base. Loss of power. No light, structural damage. Come quickly. Help us. We're in the dark.
FERRAS: Orllensa!
ORLLENSA: Help us! What is it?
FERRAS: There's something in here with us. Listen. No.
CIMMERIAN: (sibilant) Embrace the darkness.
ORLLENSA: Who are you?
(Weird noise, Ferras screams.)
CIMMERIAN: You are safe. Safe forever.

(The Tardis engines are running. A drink is poured and a spoon stirs. Rapid beeps.)
DOCTOR: What, what, what? Temporal energy discharge. Yes, temporal energy discharge. Temporal energy discharge consistent with energy signature Type Seventy Gallifreyan Time Capsules. What? A whole flotilla of them distinctly in my way. What are my fellow Time Lords up to now? Not like them to parade around the vortex in large numbers. Well, they don't seem to have noticed me. Perhaps I should say hello. One the other hand, do I really want to entangle myself in Time Lord red tape unnecessarily? Hmm. No. Anyway, it's probably just Rassilon's flag day or something. Yes, well, sorry, old chaps, love to join in and all that, but I was never one for crowds so I won't be joining the party. And although I'm sure you're pretty impressed with your shiny new Type Seventies, this old Type Forty still has a few tricks up her sleeve. Time to leave the party by the back door I think. Adios, amigos. Now, where was I? Oh, come on, old girl. Don't get temperamental on me.
(Loud noises.)
CHARLEY: I suppose you're going to tell me it's absolutely necessary for you to be making all

this noise?
DOCTOR: Er, well, er. (noise changes, quietens) That's it!
CHARLEY: I'm so glad.
DOCTOR: Yes, the Tardis is getting a bit sticky on hover mode at the best of times, but the real indigestion started when I asked her nicely to incorporate a gentle temporal drift.
CHARLEY: You should give her some health salts. So, what are we hovering over?
DOCTOR: Time, Charley, time.
CHARLEY: Ooo, very mysterious. What's that?
DOCTOR: The Cimmerian system. Beautiful, isn't it?
CHARLEY: Yes. Incredible colours. So bright.
DOCTOR: Mmm. Then one day, it wasn't.
CHARLEY: It wasn't? You mean it wasn't bright?
DOCTOR: Yes. Or so the stories go.
CHARLEY: How did that happen? What about that star?
DOCTOR: It just disappeared.
CHARLEY: That's horrible.
DOCTOR: Mmm. I've always wanted to check up on the mystery of Cimmeria. What are you doing?
CHARLEY: Demonstrating that I do pay attention some times.
DOCTOR: Accessing the Tardis databank. Why, Miss Pollard, you never cease to impress me.
CHARLEY: Yes, I'm not just an historical curiosity after all, am I. How are we spelling Cimmerian? S I
DOCTOR: C I M M E R I A N.
CHARLEY: C I M M E R I A N. Cimmerian. Of darkness. Of the Cimmeriae, a people fabled by the ancients to live in perpetual darkness.
DOCTOR: It was named the Cimmerian system by Throxilian explorers *after* the sun apparently vanished. I've taken us back to a time when the star was still there, and now we're drifting forwards.
CHARLEY: You want to find out what happened, don't you?
DOCTOR: Well, it is a gap in my knowledge, yes.
(Noise.)
CHARLEY: What's that?
DOCTOR: Don't know. Meteors? A comet?
CHARLEY: It's moving very fast.
DOCTOR: That's because we're drifting forwards in time about half a century per second.
CHARLEY: So it's actually moving quite slowly, whatever it is. They are.
DOCTOR: They? Do you think so?
CHARLEY: Well, I don't know. Looks like a lot of whatever they are, sort of flickering in the breeze. It's like watching the yachts coming back across the Solent at the Cowes Regatta.
DOCTOR: Hmm.
CHARLEY: Oh, it's gone. The sun's gone.
DOCTOR: So that's when it happened. Better stop our drift and go back and have a look at it in real time.
(Creaks of levers. Engines start.)
DOCTOR: That wasn't meant to happen.
CHARLEY: We're landing, aren't we? In the middle of outer space.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so, Charley. Won't take a minute to get us drifting back again. Oh.
CHARLEY: Is that oh, oh dear, or oh, oh good.
DOCTOR: It's er, oh, I don't know.
CHARLEY: Doesn't sound healthy.
DOCTOR: No, er, I wonder if. Ow! Hold on!
CHARLEY: I'm holding, I'm holding. (echoes)

ROSM: Rescue Operational Security Module G723. Mission log update. On entry into the Cimmerian system, there was no further contact with the Cimmeria Four Base. Once in orbit around Cimmeria Four, I encountered an unidentified blue cuboid object, which did not conform to any known data on space vessels. Have matter-transported object into security holding bay. All security shields active and at maximum power levels. Object is proving impervious to full spectrum of scans. Still no response from Cimmeria Four Base. Interface with Cimmeria Four computer system protocols therefore not possible. It will be necessary to land on Cimmeria Four

and investigate cause of mayday transmission. Final descent to planet Cimmeria Four on next orbital cycle.

(A man is crying softly.)
FERRAS: Haliard. Hal. Where are you, mate? I can't see you.
ORLLENSA: How could you? There's no light.
FERRAS: Orllensa! You scared the hell out of me. I didn't know you were there.
ORLLENSA: I could hear you.
FERRAS: Are you all right? Orllensa? I thought you'd been taken away. That they'd taken you.
ORLLENSA: No. All they took was the light.

CHARLEY [OC]: Is it safe out there?
DOCTOR: Seems to be. Come on.
(Tardis door opens and closes. Footsteps on metal.)
CHARLEY: Are we inside another spaceship?
DOCTOR: Mmm, feels like it.
CHARLEY: And that matter transmitter thing brought the Tardis here?
DOCTOR: Matter transmitter, yes.
CHARLEY: Like a wireless telegraph.
DOCTOR: Yes, except it transmits people and things rather than dots and dashes.
CHARLEY: Probably quite useful, I suppose.
DOCTOR: Yes. Pretty heavy duty power output too. Caught the Tardis's forcefield off guard.
CHARLEY: Who do you think transmitted Ow!
DOCTOR: You all right?
CHARLEY: Yes. What was that?
DOCTOR: They've got us behind an energy barrier or containment shield of some sort.
CHARLEY: The question is, who has?
DOCTOR: Who indeed, Charley. Who indeed. But you can be sure they're watching us.
CHARLEY: Oh, as if we're specimens in a jar, you mean?
DOCTOR: Yes, fished out of a pond.
CHARLEY: Let's hope it's not just some naughty schoolboy who's scooped us up.
DOCTOR: What do you mean?
CHARLEY: Well, you know what they do to insects they catch. Pull off their legs.
DOCTOR: Urgh.

(Haliard is still sobbing.)
FERRAS: Why doesn't he stop that? Orllensa, why doesn't he stop crying? Stop crying, Haliard! Stop it! Why? Why won't he stop?
ORLLENSA: You know why, Ferras, don't you?
FERRAS: You mean, the pain?
ORLLENSA: Have you ever felt anything so terrible?
FERRAS: No, no, it paralysed me. I was, oh my god, oh no, no, please, I don't want to remember it. Oh, no. (cries)
ORLLENSA: I don't think I'll ever forget for as long as I live. But how long's that going to be?

(Beep, beep. The computer activates.)
ROSM: Humanoid lifeforms from unidentified object under analysis. Phase one cellular analysis complete. Initiate interrogation protocol.
(Heavy door slides open.)
CHARLEY: Hear comes trouble.
DOCTOR: Don't be so pessimistic, Charley.
(A machine beeps and clanks towards them.)
CHARLEY: You were saying? Big, metal and fierce looking. I don't think pessimism comes into it.
DOCTOR: Appearances can be deceptive.
CHARLEY: Please be deceptive, please be deceptive.
DOCTOR: Hello. Hello. This is Charley. I'm the Doctor.
CHARLEY: Perhaps it's hard of hearing.
RAU 1: I am the Rescue Operational Security Module G723 Roving Assault Unit One. Be warned, I am equipped for full assault capabilities in all known hostile scenarios and am

programmed for a variety of interrogation techniques.
DOCTOR: Well, as I said, this is Charley.
RAU 1: Information logged. Repetition unnecessary.
DOCTOR: Oh, sorry.
RAU 1: Explain your presence in the Cimmerian system.
CHARLEY: Educational. Er, the Doctor wanted to know what happened to the sun. That's right, isn't it?
DOCTOR: That's right.
CHARLEY: Yes, that's right. Is that allowed? Did I say something wrong?
DOCTOR: He seems to be thinking about it. Rescue Operational Security. Are you on a rescue mission? Who are you rescuing?
CHARLEY: What does that mean?
RAU 1: Biohazard alert. Your cellular analysis has been assimilated.
DOCTOR: We're not a biological hazard. Your analysis must be incorrect.
RAU 1: Rechecking. There is no mistake. Lifeform identified as Doctor, humanoid, bicardial, unknown species, no threat. Lifeform identified as Charley, humanoid, Terran origin, lifeform contains mutant cellular cultures inimical to life functions
DOCTOR: Inimical!
CHARLEY: Inim what? I hope you're not talking about me.
DOCTOR: I don't understand.
RAU 1: Lifeform must be terminated.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: He's deactivated the holding shield.
CHARLEY: Doctor, that's a gun, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Wait. Please wait. Wait! Your information is incorrect. (sotto) Back to the Tardis, Charley.
RAU 1: Information is definite. Lifeform Doctor to be retained for further interrogation. Lifeform Charley to be terminated.
CHARLEY: Ah! Doctor, he's put a forcefield around the Tardis.
RAU 1: Lifeform Charley, do not move. Lethal energy burst will be painless.
CHARLEY: What?
RAU 1: Lifeform (speeds up.)
DOCTOR: Run, Charley, run!
CHARLEY: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Sonic screwdriver confusing his orientation centres with random sonic pulses. Won't last long. Run!
CHARLEY: Where to?
DOCTOR: Through that door! Anywhere! Just give me time to convince him you're not a threat. Go!
CHARLEY: Right! Don't take too long, will you?
RAU 1: Error corrected. Lifeform Charley absent.
DOCTOR: Yes, she just er, popped out for
RAU : Retrieving sonic device from lifeform Doctor.
DOCTOR: Argh! That's my sonic screwdriver!
RAU 1: Analysing. Designed and built by highly sophisticated intelligence.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, that's me. That's me. I'm highly sophisticated and intelligent, so I know what I'm talking about when I tell you that Charley is *not* a biohazard, and should *not* be terminated.
ROSM: Are you claiming superior knowledge?
DOCTOR: Ah, possibly.

CHARLEY: (breathless) Where now?
(Door clangs open.)
CHARLEY: Oh, no. Not another one.

ROSM: You are implicated in an emergency situation. I cannot supply *you* with classified information.
DOCTOR: Classified? I'm only asking to see the evidence which apparently proves my friend is a biohazard. Anyway, what is this emergency situation?
ROSM: Cimmeria Four Base mayday signal. Subsequent loss of contact.
DOCTOR: And now you think we're responsible?

ROSM: There are no other lifeforms in this system.
DOCTOR: Are you sure?

CHARLEY: Oh, I've lost it. What? Oh, how many of these things are there? Please, Doctor, please, hurry up and convince them Oh!
(Machine approaches.)
RAU: Female humanoid biohazard located. Surrender yourself for termination. There will be no pain.
CHARLEY: Somehow that's not much consolation.

ROSM: Your obvious attempt to distract my attention has failed.
DOCTOR: What do you mean?
ROSM: You clearly do not appreciate that my programme core drives all roving assault units aboard this ship.
DOCTOR: Ah. You mean there's more than one of you.
ROSM: I am one. My parts are many.
DOCTOR: Neatly put.
ROSM: Lifeform Charley has been located and will now be terminated.
DOCTOR: No! I have further information.
ROSM: All information has been assessed. Action must be taken.
DOCTOR: What kind of artificial intelligence are you if you're not interested in further information?
ROSM: What information?
DOCTOR: Suspend your termination order and I'll tell you.
ROSM: Suspended. What information?
DOCTOR: Information that will prove you're making a big mistake in killing lifeform Charley.
ROSM: I am listening.
DOCTOR: Show me she's still alive first, and keep her alive.
ROSM: I believe you are making another attempt to distract
DOCTOR: Carcinogens. Potentially carcinogenic cells. Cells that may grow into tumours.
ROSM: Explain.
DOCTOR: Show me she is still alive.
(Beeps.)
DOCTOR: Charley!
CHARLEY [OC]: Doctor? Oh, my goodness. I can see you on this thing's face.
DOCTOR: Yes, I can see you, too. Listen to me, Charley. Are you all right?
CHARLEY [OC]: Not really. It's another one of those things. It's got hold of me. I can't, oh, can't.
DOCTOR: It's all right, Charley. He won't hurt you, will you.
ROSM: Offensive functions are temporarily suspended.
CHARLEY [OC]: Temporarily?
ROSM: Continue with your information.
DOCTOR: Lifeform Charley comes from a time, a culture, that doesn't genetically modify itself.
CHARLEY [OC]: What are you talking about?
DOCTOR: You see? She doesn't even know what I'm talking about. Access your historical database. You'll see that once upon a time, all human beings carried around all sorts of cellular impurities, potential diseases, abnormalities. They didn't modify embryos. They left it all to chance, nature's lottery. Let her go!
ROSM: Accessing historical database.
CHARLEY [OC]: Doctor, it's loosening its grip.
DOCTOR: He's thinking about it. You see, ROSM, those cells aren't a danger to others. One day they may harm lifeform Charley, but on the other hand they may well not. (sotto) Charley, I can see a door behind you. If he changes his mind.
CHARLEY [OC]: Where does it lead to?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Never mind that, just use it if you have to.
CHARLEY [OC]: All right.
ROSM: Your information is correct.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
ROSM: But my scans are also revealing other unusual information concerning lifeform Charley, beyond my analysis parameters.
DOCTOR: What sort of information?

ROSM: Unknown. The potential risk to Cimmeria Four personnel is therefore too great.
DOCTOR: Charley, run!

(Running footsteps.)
RAU: Ascertaining line of fire.
CHARLEY: Oh, how does this thing open? How does this thing open?
(Clang. Hiss.)
CHARLEY: Ah! Ah!

ROSM: Lifeform Charley has escaped into lifepod.
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes! Go, Charley, go!
CHARLEY: Where on Earth am I?
COMPUTER: Emergency automatic countdown.
CHARLEY: Countdown to what?
COMPUTER: Five. Four. Three. Two. One. Ignition. Purge.
CHARLEY: Purge? Oh, no!

ROSM: Lifepod ejected.
DOCTOR: Where will it go?
ROSM: It will automatically home on the nearest planetary body.
DOCTOR: Which is?
ROSM: Cimmeria Four.
DOCTOR: Where your mayday signal came from.
ROSM: That is correct.
DOCTOR: Just as I thought. And your course?
ROSM: Cimmeria Four. Lifeform Charley will be terminated when we make planetfall.
DOCTOR: Not if I can convince you she's not a threat to your Cimmeria Four personnel.
ROSM: My decision is irreversible.
DOCTOR: Nothing is irreversible, my friend, not to the reasoning mind. You do have a reasoning mind, don't you?
ROSM: My essential cerebral functions are faster and more complex that those of the human mind.
DOCTOR: Well, you must be very nearly up to my standard, then. Well done. Will she be safe on Cimmeria Four?
ROSM: There is no breathable atmosphere, but the lifepod will automatically with the airlock of the Cimmeria Four Energy Projection Unit Base.
DOCTOR: Energy projection? Oh, never mind that. Will she be safe in the base?
ROSM: An emergency situation would appear to be in progress. I can give no assurances.
DOCTOR: You mean whatever's happened to the people on your base is going to happen to Charley.

CHARLEY: Oh, no. What's that? Hello? What's happening?
COMPUTER: Adjusting angle of descent. Planetfall in five minutes.
CHARLEY: Planet? This is, this is a sort of lifeboat, isn't it, and I've been cut adrift. Oh, how am I going to get back to the Doctor? And more to the point, where is this thing taking me?

FERRAS: He's stopped. Orllensa. Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: Yes?
FERRAS: Oh, thank God. Can't you hear? Haliard's stopped crying.
ORLLENSA: Yes.
FERRAS: Haliard? Hal, old chum? You okay? Hal? Hal, mate? We're over here. Follow my voice. Come and join us, mate.
ORLLENSA: It's no use.
FERRAS: What do you mean, it's no use?
ORLLENSA: He's gone.
FERRAS: Gone where?
ORLLENSA: Where we're all going. Into the darkness.

(Door clanks open.)
ROSM: This is the control deck. You may enter. The roving assault unit will be observing your every move, and additionally
DOCTOR: You've put me into a containment field. Ow. Thank you.
ROSM: We are now making final approach to Cimmeria Four Base.
DOCTOR: What's that alarm mean?
ROSM: External scanners are detecting unidentified particles in the Cimmeria Four Base, and I am not required to report all developments to you.
DOCTOR: I know, but you've already established I'm a sophisticated intelligence, haven't you.
ROSM: Yes, but your intentions are unknown.
DOCTOR: I know, but it would hardly take you any extra processing power at all to keep me in the picture, now would it? After all, I might have some more interesting information for you.
ROSM: Your input will be noted, but not acted upon.
DOCTOR: I see. So what do we know about these particles you've detected, then?
ROSM: Their nature is unknown.
DOCTOR: Rather like me. And rather like me, they're intruders. Have they harmed the base personnel?
ROSM: They are inhibiting scanner efficiency. I am unable to scan for lifeforms.
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
ROSM: Standard mission protocols demand that I initiate antibacterial measures to attempt dispersal of these particles.
DOCTOR: Is that wise?
ROSM: It is the only option available to me in the absence of any other information.
DOCTOR: Oh.
ROSM: Do you have any other information?
DOCTOR: What's this, idle curiosity?
ROSM: Please answer the question.
DOCTOR: Er, no, I have no bananas today.
ROSM: In the absence of an intelligible response, I shall proceed.
DOCTOR: Good for you.
ROSM: Activating particle dispersal beam.
DOCTOR: Any news on lifeform Charley?
ROSM: The lifepod is about to dock with the base.
DOCTOR: Oh, Charley.

(Lifepod slows. Thunk! Engines shut down. Airlock door opens. Silence then slow footsteps on metal.)
CHARLEY: Hello? Anyone there? God, it's dark. Hello? Who's that? I can hear you moving. Who's that?
FERRAS [OC]: Who are you?
CHARLEY: I'm Charley Pollard. Who are you?
FERRAS [OC]: Ferras. Mike Ferras. I've got Orllensa with me. Where are you?
CHARLEY: Where? Over here, in the doorway. Can't you see the light?
ORLLENSA [OC]: Light? There is no light.
CHARLEY: But, you sound as if you're in the same room as me. Surely you can see the light?
FERRAS: No.
ORLLENSA: No.
FERRAS: No, we can't.
CHARLEY: Wait a minute, I can just make you out. Yes, a man and a woman. This way. That's right. You must be able to see me now.
ORLLENSA: No. But you sound so close.
CHARLEY: I am. I'm looking right at you. Can't you see me?
FERRAS: They took away the light. How can you see us?
CHARLEY: They? Who do you mean? But anyway, there's a light in this lifeboat thing I arrived in. Can't you see it? (pause) Oh, my God.
ORLLENSA: What? What is it?
CHARLEY: I can see your faces. You, you don't know, do you.
FERRAS: Don't know what?
CHARLEY: Your eyes.

FERRAS: What about them?
CHARLEY: You've lost your eyes.

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: Your dispersal beam seems to be working, if I'm reading these displays correctly.
ROSM: You are correct. But the dispersal rate is low.
DOCTOR: Yes, I see what you mean. Those unknown particles are pretty densely packed, aren't they?
ROSM: Lifeforms now detected.
DOCTOR: I can't make out the imaging. Is that three or four?
ROSM: Readings are still unclear. Unknown particle density is increasing.
DOCTOR: Can't you increase power to the dispersal beam?
ROSM: Not until landing has been effected. Initiating final descent.

FERRAS: (crying) My eyes! My eyes! Why did they do this?
ORLLENSA: Stop crying. Do you hear me? Stop it!
FERRAS: Sorry.
ORLLENSA: You'll end up like Haliard.
CHARLEY: Haliard? Who's Haliard?
ORLLENSA: The darkness took him.
CHARLEY: Took him? What do you mean?
ORLLENSA: I don't know what I mean! I've been driven half mad with pain. We both have. So that's how they did it. Burnt out our eyes.
FERRAS: The pain, it was indescribable.
CHARLEY: This is horrible.
ORLLENSA: It is for us. At least you can see. Is it dark everywhere? Did they take all the light?
CHARLEY: There only seems to be the light from that ship or whatever it is I arrived in. I can't see any other lights.
(Noise)
CHARLEY: Wait a minute.
FERRAS: What is it?
CHARLEY: I thought the light dimmed a bit just then.
FERRAS: Oh, no.
CHARLEY: What do you mean, oh no?
FERRAS: (scared) It's happening again!
CHARLEY: What's happening again?
ORLLENSA: They're taking your light, too.
CHARLEY: Who? Who is taking my light? Ah! It just dimmed again. Orllensa, who did this to you? Who is taking the light?
ORLLENSA: I don't know. The Cimmerians, I suppose you'd call them.
CHARLEY: Cimmerians? Fabled by the ancients to live in perpetual darkness. Ow!
FERRAS: What's the matter?
CHARLEY: Oh, my eyes. I felt
ORLLENSA: Pain.
CHARLEY: Ah! Oh, yes.
ORLLENSA: You have my pity, but there's nothing I can do.
CHARLEY: Nothing you can do about ow!
FERRAS: Orllensa, I can't bear it. I can't bear to hear her!
ORLLENSA: It's all we can do. Listen to her pain.
CHARLEY: Oh, oh, please no. Doctor!

DOCTOR: Come on, come on, come on.
ROSM: I find your impatience a curious response to the situation, lifeform Doctor, given you know I will terminate lifeform Charley when I have located her.
DOCTOR: But surely your primary mission is to rescue the personnel of the base?
ROSM: You are correct.
DOCTOR: Isn't it obvious that these alien particles.are more likely to pose a threat? What you've detected in Charley is potential mutagenic cells which may or may not turn malignant in the next few decades. Which is the more clear and present danger?

ROSM: Planetfall achieved. Particle dispersal beam intensity increasing to maximum. Lifepod is attached to secondary airlock. Extending docking connectors to Cimmeria Four Base main airlock.
DOCTOR: Are you ignoring me?
ROSM: There is still the matter of the unknown scan results. I'm considering my response.
DOCTOR: Take your time, ROSM, old chap. Take your time.
ROSM: Airlock connection achieved. Unknown particles now dispersed to minimal levels. You will accompany Roving Assault Unit One into the base.
DOCTOR: Can I have my sonic screwdriver back?
ROSM: I have analysed its capabilities and can now counteract them. You may have it back.
DOCTOR: You're too kind.

(Door opens. Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Dark and foreboding. I'm beginning to feel right at home.
(The RAU 1 wheezes up. ROSM speaks through it.)
ROSM: You will remain in the light of the entrance while I attempt physical interface with the base's computer systems.
DOCTOR: Oh, back to Billy Goat Gruff, are we? Off you go, then.
(RAU 1 leaves.)
DOCTOR: Charley! Charley, can you hear me? Charley? (sotto) Where are you?
(RAU 1 returns.)
DOCTOR: Hmm, night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top. Well done, ROSM, old chap. You got the lights working.
ROSM: The computer systems were invaded by the same unknown particles. I have eradicated them.
DOCTOR: Good for you. I'm off to find lifeform Charley.
ROSM: You must wait here until the emergency situation can be assessed.
DOCTOR: ROSM, my best friend could be in trouble, so if you want to keep me here, you're just going to have to shoot me.
(Runs off.)
ROSM: That may yet be my preferred course of action, Doctor.

(Running stops.)
DOCTOR: Charley! Charley, it's the Doctor! Are you all right? Charley!
(Wailing.)
DOCTOR: Charley?
(Laughing.)
DOCTOR: That's not Charley. Who is that? Hello?
(Laughing continues.)
DOCTOR: We're here to help. Do you hear me? We're here to help. Listen to me. Listen, whoever you are.
(Laughing stops.)
DOCTOR: All right, now. Now show yourself. It's all right, we're here to help. What happened here? Tell me. What happened?
(The laughing is not entirely sane.)
HALIARD: Embrace the darkness. Embrace the darkness. Embrace the darkness!

CIMMERIAN: They have brought the light.
(The Cimmerians sound alike, and are only distinguished by which speaker their voices come from, left or right.)
CIMMERIAN 2: Yes, they brought the light. They have destroyed our work.
CIMMERIAN: They try to kill us. They bring light.
CIMMERIAN 2: We must take it again.
CIMMERIAN: We must.
CIMMERIAN 2: Yes, yes, we must repair.
CIMMERIAN: Yes, they must all embrace the darkness.
CIMMERIAN 2: Embrace the darkness or die.

(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Hello? Dear God. Charley! Charley, it's the Doctor.

ORLLENSA: Hello.
DOCTOR: Oh. Hello. Was that you just now?
ORLLENSA: No. Haliard, I think.
DOCTOR: A friend of yours?
ORLLENSA: Yes. You said you're the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Er, yes. Yes, I am. Do you need a doctor?
ORLLENSA: I think I'm beyond that.
DOCTOR: What do you mean?
ORLLENSA: Come closer.
DOCTOR: Ah.
ORLLENSA: That's right. They took our eyes. The Cimmerians.
DOCTOR: The Cimmerians? I wasn't aware of such a species.
ORLLENSA: Well, someone did this to us, didn't they?
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I suppose so. Listen to me. Have you seen?
ORLLENSA: Ha. You mean have I *met* your friend Charley?
DOCTOR: You have?
ORLLENSA: Talked to her, yes. She arrived just before you did. Broke the news to us.
DOCTOR: Broke the
ORLLENSA: Are you part of the rescue team?
DOCTOR: In a way, yes.
ORLLENSA: Where's the ROSM unit?
DOCTOR: Stomping around somewhere hereabouts. Can you take me to Charley?
ORLLENSA: I don't know.
DOCTOR: Why not?
ORLLENSA: She was in pain.
DOCTOR: In pain. Why?
ORLLENSA: It was her eyes. It was starting to happen again.
DOCTOR: What was?
ORLLENSA: I don't know. I don't know. I don't know anything!
DOCTOR: All right, all right, all right. I'm sorry.
ORLLENSA: No, I am. I find it difficult to think. I think I've gone insane.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't be too sure of that, if I were you. I've spent most of my life being told I'm mad.
ORLLENSA: You're very kind. Your friend Charley. She ran. I don't know how far. I can take you back to the secondary airlock reception, where we were. I think.
DOCTOR: Secondary airlock. We'll follow the signs. Take my arm, er, what's your name?
ORLLENSA: Orllensa.
DOCTOR: Orllensa, take my arm. So, come on.

CHARLEY: Oh. Oh. What happened? Where? Who are you?
(Haliard laughs.)
CHARLEY: Who are you? I can't make out your face.
HALIARD: But you can see.
CHARLEY: Not very well. My eyes hurt.
HALIARD: Then they didn't succeed this time. But don't worry, they'll be back.
CHARLEY: Who? You mean the Cimmerians? Have you seen them?
HALIARD: You don't see them. Don't you understand? They take the light.
CHARLEY: Are you Haliard? I met your friends, Orllensa and Ferras. Haliard?
HALIARD: I don't know.
CHARLEY: Don't know what?
HALIARD: Who I am.
CHARLEY: Look, if we find your friends
HALIARD: Doesn't matter who I am, who you are. The darkness will devour us all.
CHARLEY: How?
HALIARD: They haven't gone away, you know. They're here, in this base. They're here. Here now.
CHARLEY: The Cimmerians? The people who did this to you? What is it? What's the matter?
HALIARD: (scared) It's them.
CHARLEY: Them?
HALIARD: I can hear them.

CHARLEY: The Cimmerians? Where?
HALIARD: Oh no. No, no, no, no, no!
(Runs off.)
CHARLEY: No, please, you can't just leave me here. Come. Oh.
(Something sounds like it says Haliard.)
CHARLEY: Hello? Are you, are you a Cimmerian? Why did you do all this? Nearly blind me and burn out the other's eyes? I can see, you know. Maybe not very clearly, but you didn't finish the job off with me. My eyes are still working.
CIMMERIAN: What are eyes?
CHARLEY: What do you? (pause) They're what we see with when there's light.
CIMMERIAN: We take the light.
CHARLEY: I know. Why?
CIMMERIAN: It is bad.
CHARLEY: What are you doing?
CIMMERIAN: You must embrace the darkness.
CHARLEY: No. Get away from me. What are you doing?
CIMMERIAN: Embrace it. It is good.
(RAU 1 clomps in.)
ROSM: Lifeforms located. Engaging assault protocols.
CHARLEY: You've got to help me!

DOCTOR: Well, I'm very pleased to meet you, Mister Ferras. Tell me, was my friend Charley all right when she arrived?
FERRAS: Yeah, I think so. Wasn't she?
ORLLENSA: Yes. It was only she said the light was going, again.
DOCTOR: And that's when she started to feel pain.
FERRAS: It was horrible. It was like going through it all over again.
(Weapons fire and screaming at a distance.)
ORLLENSA: What's going on?
DOCTOR: That was Charley. Wait here!
FERRAS: Who's that firing?
ORLLENSA: Sounded like the ROSM unit to me. Ever met one before?
FERRAS: Er, no, I haven't. What are they like?
ORLLENSA: Well, let's just say, be thankful it's on your side.

(The RAU 1 is shooting at something, then stops.)
ROSM: You are identified as lifeform Charley.
CHARLEY: I may be feeling awful, but the one thing I'm not suffering from is an identity crisis, thank you.
(Running feet stop.)
DOCTOR: Charley. ROSM, leave her alone. Charley, what happened? Who's that?
CHARLEY: I think it's a Cimmerian, and I think our friendly robot here shot it.
DOCTOR: Did you kill it?
ROSM: High level disabling charge was applied. Unknown lifeform's life functions are being detected.
DOCTOR: Good. Charley, let me see your eyes.
CHARLEY: Oh, it's all right, it's all right. I've still got them. They're just not working very well. I take it you met the others?
DOCTOR: Yes. What was this creature doing before ROSM arrived?
CHARLEY: I'm not sure.
DOCTOR: Did you talk to it?
CHARLEY: Yes, but it was difficult to make out what it was saying.
ROSM: The creature was releasing an energy field in the direction of lifeform Charley. This energy field contained particles significantly similar to those responsible for the damage to the Cimmeria Four Base lighting systems.
DOCTOR: I see. So you were in fact *rescuing* lifeform Charley. Can I take it you no longer intend to terminate her?
ROSM: She has been exposed to a possible alien threat. She has therefore become a vital piece of evidence in this investigation.
CHARLEY: Well, that's nice to know. So you're not going to kill me.

ROSM: I believe I have already answered that question.
CHARLEY: Touchy, isn't he.

CIMMERIAN: They have taken one of us prisoner.
CIMMERIAN 2: Yes. They will take him from us. Discover our secrets. Bring suffering to our world again. They must never leave here.
CIMMERIAN: Never. Is everything prepared?
CIMMERIAN 2: Not yet. But the time approaches, and this time our power will be unstoppable. Their machines will not be able to restore the light.
CIMMERIAN: Their own actions have brought this upon them.
CIMMERIAN 2: Yes.

ROSM: All exits to this control centre are now guarded by ROSM Assault Units. I will now examine lifeform Charley.
CHARLEY: Er, Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's all right, Charley. It is all right, isn't it, ROSM?
ROSM: No harm will come to lifeform Charley.
DOCTOR: Is that good enough for you, Charley?
CHARLEY: I suppose it'll have to be.
ROSM: Scan commencing now.
DOCTOR: How are your eyes feeling?
CHARLEY: I'm not sure. They don't hurt any more, and, and
DOCTOR: Yes, go on.
CHARLEY: Oh, I'm probably imagining it, but my eyesight seems to be a bit better.
DOCTOR: Hmm.
CHARLEY: I am imagining it, aren't I?
ORLLENSA: Very probably, unless ours are growing back.
CHARLEY: Sorry.
ORLLENSA: Oh, for God's sake, don't pity us.
FERRAS: Orllensa, give her a break. Charley?
CHARLEY: Yes?
FERRAS: You said you spoke to this, this Cimmerian creature.
CHARLEY: Yes, it came right up to me.
FERRAS: What's it look like?
ORLLENSA: Oh, who cares! These Cimmerians obviously don't want us here. We need rescuing. The ROSM is here. Rescue Operational Security Module. Why aren't we being rescued?
CHARLEY: I can't, I couldn't really see what it was like. Seemed quite featureless, but maybe that's just my eyesight. Is it still alive, Doctor?
DOCTOR: The little fellow still seems to be breathing. And it wasn't just your eyesight, Charley. It does appear to possess a remarkably simple physiology.
FERRAS: Describe it to me.
ORLLENSA: Is it ugly? I hope so.
DOCTOR: No, not at all. It looks child-like. It would stand no taller than your waist, whitish-grey skin, almost anaemic looking.
FERRAS: What about his face?
ORLLENSA: As sweet as a new born babe in arms. Oh, coochy, coochy, coo.
DOCTOR: Again, very simple. Flat, almost invisible nose, small slit for a mouth. Dark flat eyes.
CHARLEY: Eyes! That's it.
ORLLENSA: Yeah, don't remind us.
CHARLEY: No, it asked me what eyes were. It didn't seem to know.
DOCTOR: Interesting.
ORLLENSA: Oh, yes. Let's all sit round and have a debate about it. Hey you, ROSM, can't they do this aboard your ship on the way home?
ROSM: Scan complete.
DOCTOR: What are the results?
ROSM: They are being assessed by my central processor aboard the ship.
ORLLENSA: Where we should be, you mean.
CHARLEY: What about your friend Haliard, Orllensa? Do you want to just leave him behind?
ORLLENSA: What makes you think he's still alive? The darkness swallowed him up.

CHARLEY: I spoke to him, Orllensa.
FERRAS: You spoke to him? Is he all right?
CHARLEY: He's, well, I'm afraid I think he's a very disturbed individual, but far from being swallowed up.
DOCTOR: I had an encounter with him too. The poor fellow needs expert help.
ORLLENSA: Join the club.

HALIARD: They can't find me. Never find me. I don't know who I am. Why do I exist? Is that you? There's someone near, isn't there. I can tell.
CIMMERIAN: For you there is no light, but you cannot taste it.
HALIARD: What are you talking about? You shouldn't be talking to me. I don't exist.
CIMMERIAN: You are hurt, creature.
HALIARD: Hurt? Hurt! (maniacal laugh.)

(The laugh is heard here.)
FERRAS: My God. That's him, isn't it.
DOCTOR: Haliard.
CHARLEY: Sounds like him.
ORLLENSA: Well, at least he's happy.

HALIARD: Hurt, eh? You burnt out my eyes. I heard them talking, you see. The others, when the girl arrived. We all thought you'd just hurt us and turned out the lights, but you burnt out our eyes! How, why should you want to do that?
CIMMERIAN: Eyes? What are eyes?
HALIARD: What do you mean?
CIMMERIAN: Let us taste.
HALIARD: What are you doing? No, no, no, stop it.
CIMMERIAN: Eyes. Eyes. Let us taste your eyes.
HALIARD: No! No!
(A long, long scream.)

FERRAS: It's the Cimmerians, isn't it? They've got him.
ORLLENSA: What the hell are they doing to him?
CHARLEY: Doctor?
ORLLENSA: Doctor. What is it with you? She seems to think you're the font of all human knowledge.
FERRAS: Orllensa, give it a rest.
CHARLEY: Perhaps it's better than being the personification of sarcasm and bitterness.
DOCTOR: And it's not just human knowledge, Orllensa.
ORLLENSA: Well then, what are they doing to Haliard?
DOCTOR: I haven't the faintest idea, but I think we should find out.
ROSM: No. My central processor has assessed this as a hostile attack situation. The remaining nineteen Roving Assault Units in the ship have been activated and will be arriving shortly.
CHARLEY: You mean you're declaring war, or something?
ORLLENSA: It's about time.
DOCTOR: ROSM, you're a sophisticated artificial intelligence. Surely you must know that contact with another species requires a little delicacy and
ROSM: Security alternatives have priority. Base personnel's lives are protected by extended company warranty. I must act to protect and rescue them. You will all return to the safety of the ship immediately.
FERRAS: Sounds good to me. Leave it to the experts, I say.
ORLLENSA: You'd better lead the way, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Charley, can you see well enough to take them back through the main airlock?
CHARLEY: Yes. Yes, I think so.
DOCTOR: Good. I'll stay here with ROSM. We need to find out what these Cimmerian creatures want.
ORLLENSA: To burn out your eyes. Isn't that obvious?
DOCTOR: Yes, Orllensa, it is obvious. But in such cases as these, the obvious is rarely at the heart of the matter. Right, Charley, off you go and
(Bang! from a RAU weapon.)

DOCTOR: Ah.
ROSM: No, Doctor. You will go with the others.
DOCTOR: Or what? You'll kill me?
ROSM: Correct.
DOCTOR: Oh. But that hardly seems fair.
ORLLENSA: (laughs) Not so clever after all.
CHARLEY: Oh, shut up, Orllensa.
ROSM: You are an alien intruder whose presence I am able to tolerate only as long as you do not contradict security imperatives.
(RAU hydraulic sounds.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, more of them.
DOCTOR: It's the cavalry.
ROSM: You must all go now, Doctor. If you attempt to disobey again, there will be no further warning.
FERRAS: I wouldn't argue with it, Doctor.
ORLLENSA: Oh, what's the big man going to do now?
DOCTOR: The sensible thing. Come on, Charley. I'll bring our Cimmerian guest with us.
ORLLENSA: You must be joking! ROSM, you can't allow him to
DOCTOR: ROSM, you must acknowledge that this creature is vital to your investigation.
ROSM: Agreed. But the ship's defence systems will terminate its life functions at the first sign of threat.
ORLLENSA: It *is* a threat. We should just dump it here and blast off.
ROSM: Haliard must be rescued before departure is allowed.
FERRAS: But don't you think there's a good possibility these creatures have killed him?
CHARLEY: Why do you people always assume the worst?
ORLLENSA: Because it's safer that way.
DOCTOR: Not for your friend Haliard.
ROSM: I'm detecting Haliard's life functions. He must be rescued. It is a central mission imperative.
DOCTOR: Come on.

(Haliard is in pain.)
HALIARD: Argh! What are you doing to me?
CIMMERIAN: Be still, creature. We have tasted your eyes.
HALIARD: What? What do you mean?
CIMMERIAN 2: We have tasted your fear, creature.
CIMMERIAN: We now know where your terror and pain are, creature.
CIMMERIAN 2: We now know. Be still.
HALIARD: No, please! Noooooooooooo!

(Door opens. Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Is that coffee I can smell?
DOCTOR: You know, I think it is.
ORLLENSA: All the comforts of home in a ROSM rescue suite, Charley. Are the cushions green? I always remember the green.
CHARLEY: Er, yes. Yes, they are. Very vivid, like pine trees.
FERRAS: Exactly how many times have you been rescued before, Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: A few. Why? Are you beginning to think I'm bad luck?
FERRAS: It had crossed my mind.
DOCTOR: ROSM? ROSM, can you hear me? ROSM, do you have some kind of laboratory or medical facility where I can take a look at this Cimmerian? Hello? ROSM?
FERRAS: Probably too busy with his assault units, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No, no, ROSM is multi-tasking, I'm sure of it. He should have ample processor power to talk to me as well.
ORLLENSA: Perhaps he just doesn't like your voice. Or your face.
DOCTOR: ROSM! Charley, I'm going to the control deck. I'll leave the Cimmerian here. Can you wrap it in your coat? The poor thing feels very cold to me.
ORLLENSA: Oh, the poor thing.
DOCTOR: I won't be long. See it doesn't come to any harm.
CHARLEY: All right, Doctor. Now then, let's see if we can warm you up. There. Ah, there we

are. Is that better?
ORLLENSA: What's the matter with you? That thing is dangerous.
CHARLEY: It doesn't look dangerous. It looks. That's strange.
ORLLENSA: Oh, what? Has it grown another head?
CHARLEY: It really does look like a helpless child.
FERRAS: You mean it *is* a child? That there might be adults about, bigger and nastier?
CHARLEY: No, I mean I didn't notice before. I couldn't see so clearly before. I really do think my eyesight is getting better ever since. Ever since this creature spoke to me.

ROSM: Assault units, you are now all in position. Proceed with search.
RAU [OC]: Assault units twelve and fifteen report momentary visual contact with creatures matching known Cimmerian appearance.
ROSM: I am detecting the release of more unknown particles in your area. This is to be interpreted as an attack.
RAU [OC]: Understood. Cimmerian creatures sighted.
DOCTOR: ROSM, what's happening? Why didn't you answer my calls?
ROSM: Please be quiet, Doctor. An attack situation is in progress.
DOCTOR: Oh well, far be it from me to interrupt a ROSM when he's busy playing war games.

CHARLEY: What were you doing in your base?
FERRAS: What do you mean?
CHARLEY: Well, why did you have a base on a planet in a place where there was no light?
FERRAS: Oh. Well, we were setting up the EPUs.
CHARLEY: The EP? I take it that's an acronym for something.
ORLLENSA: What's it to you? If you're really that interested, you should listen to the standard recording of Professor Astrov's technical diatribe. If ROSM will let you. But don't ask Ferras. He never paid attention.
FERRAS: Oh, thanks, Orllensa. EPU stands for Energy Projection Units. We're about to fire up some artificial suns in orbit around this planet.
ORLLENSA: Ferras, just keep your mouth shut. Remember, we don't know who these people are.
FERRAS: But they helped us.
ORLLENSA: Only because they had a ROSM breathing down their necks. Just run along and play with your all-knowing Doctor friend, Charley. You're not wanted here.
CHARLEY: Fair enough. Wouldn't want to outstay my welcome.
ORLLENSA: Good.
CHARLEY: I know you don't want my pity, Orllensa, but I am sorry about what's happened to you and Ferras. Remember, it nearly happened to me too, so I know it really must be awful for you. But that doesn't stop me from thinking you're possibly the most obnoxious individual I've ever had the misfortune to meet!
ORLLENSA: Are you still here?

RAU: Lifeform Cimmerian, you will stand still.
CIMMERIAN: We must take away the light.
RAU: You have committed an act of aggression by taking a member of base personnel captive. Return your captive immediately and surrender yourself for interrogation or immediate action will be taken.
CIMMERIAN: Your creature, alien, must stay with us for now. That is our wish.
RAU: Unacceptable.
(Weapons fire, scream then whimpers.)

DOCTOR: That was subtle.
ROSM: All Assault Units proceed. Haliard must be located.
DOCTOR: Come on, ROSM, you can't just blast your way through a whole civilisation to find one man. Hasn't humanity learnt anything about interfering with other cultures?
RAU [OC]: Attention, attention. All Assault Units are reporting motor function difficulties.
DOCTOR: Oh dear. Oh no.
ROSM: Please explain.

RAU: I, I am unable to explain. All functions are being affected by unknown influence. All Assault Units register the same condition. Processor power reducing at an accelerating rate. (slowing) I cannot
(Creaking metal then a final fizz. Crash of metal.)

DOCTOR: ROSM, you've got to get them out of there. ROSM, can you hear me?
ROSM: I can, can hear you. Please, please do not interfere.
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
CHARLEY: (breathless) Doctor, I was right. My eyes really are
DOCTOR: Wait a minute, Charley. Something bad is happening.
CHARLEY: That sound.
DOCTOR: You recognise it?
CHARLEY: Yes, it's that sound when that little creature said to me, embrace the darkness.
DOCTOR: ROSM, the Cimmerians are releasing their particles again. You must disengage your comm. link with the Assault Units. The particles could be transmitting along the waveband.
ROSM: Disengaging. I, I am detecting unknown particles.
DOCTOR: ROSM, listen to me. (sotto) I think it may be too late.
CHARLEY: What's the matter with him?
DOCTOR: Wait a minute. The particle analyser. I wonder if he'll let me operate it manually. Yes! There. You see that readout?
CHARLEY: Yes, that's what I'm trying to tell you. I can see
DOCTOR: It's the same particle signature ROSM detected when you were trapped in the base, before we landed. Hang on a minute. Oh, not quite the same. Anyway, it means the Cimmerians are releasing their light destroying particles again. ROSM, I think you are under threat. Disengage communication with the Assault Units!
ROSM: Disengaging.
DOCTOR: How do you feel now? Better?
ROSM: I may have sustained some damage. I will run a diagnostic search. Please wait.
CHARLEY: Doctor, are those particles, did they burn out Orllensa and Ferras's eyes?
DOCTOR: I think so. Maybe it was a side-effect. Maybe it was deliberate. One thing is for certain. The Cimmerians don't like light.
CHARLEY: But why not, if they have no eyes? Why should it bother them?
DOCTOR: And what were they trying to do with these slightly different particles?
CHARLEY: Destroy the ROSM's foot soldiers.
ROSM: It would appear so. All Assault Units have suffered total breakdown of motor functions and cognitive abilities.
CHARLEY: You mean they're dead? How many of these particles are there?
DOCTOR: What are you getting at, Charley?
CHARLEY: Well, if they're spreading, couldn't they get into this ship? I mean, through the door.
ROSM: I am troubled that I have not come to this conclusion.
DOCTOR: Have you finished your diagnostic search?
ROSM: What diagnostic search?
CHARLEY: Oh dear, he's not well, is he.
DOCTOR: ROSM, your systems are under attack from unknown alien particles. Will you take some advice?
ROSM: I will consider it.
DOCTOR: Shut the main airlock and activate any defence shields you may have. ROSM?
CHARLEY: Hello?
ROSM: Hello. Who are you?
DOCTOR: Oh no, it may be too late. There must be a way of operating his systems manually.
ROSM: Manually? Or once a year.
CHARLEY: Sonic screwdriver?
DOCTOR: Sonic screwdriver. Charley, there's labelling on all these panels. Look for anything that reads override, manual or emergency. Preferably all three together. I've got to get into his main systems files, or we're going to find out exactly what these new unknown particles do first hand.

FERRAS: Orllensa? Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: Here. What.
FERRAS: When we get home, do you think. Do you think, well, I mean

ORLLENSA: Do I think they'll be able to make us see again?
FERRAS: Stupid, isn't it. Hoping.
ORLLENSA: Probably. Can you hear that?
FERRAS: It's that creature, isn't it. The Cimmerian.
ORLLENSA: Still breathing. We are sitting here with no eyes and that damn thing is still breathing!
FERRAS: Orllensa? Orllensa, what are you going to do?

DOCTOR: Any luck?
CHARLEY: No. You?
DOCTOR: No. I was hoping we'd strike lucky. Oh well, just have to do it the hard way. Now I think this could be the main drive system. Let me see if I can get this inspection plate off. Hmm.
CHARLEY: No luck?
ROSM: Doctor, why are you attempting to damage peripheral hardware?
DOCTOR: ROSM, how are you feeling? You recognise us now?
ROSM: Only as a percentage probability of reality. I seem to be suffering from a systems breakdown.
DOCTOR: I think alien particles are getting into this ship, into you. Can you shut the airlock door and activate your defence screens?
ROSM: Since I am experiencing perceptual difficulties, I am not sure whether it is prudent to act.
DOCTOR: In the absence of any other information, surely it can't do you any harm to protect yourself?
ROSM: That is a persuasive argument
DOCTOR: Have you done it?
ROSM: Airlock door secured. Defensive shielding activated. I am recording a drop in the number of alien particles invading my systems. Cognitive abilities are improving.
DOCTOR: Feeling better?
CHARLEY: Ow! Doctor.
ROSM: I have also placed lifeforms Doctor and Charley in containment fields until percentage probabilities of reality are more favourable.
DOCTOR: I see. Best not to move, Charley.
CHARLEY: I think I just worked that out for myself.
(Beep beep beep.)
CHARLEY: Now what?
DOCTOR: ROSM, what's happening?
ROSM: Unknown particles are beginning to break through my defensive shielding. They are entering the ship.
DOCTOR: Oh, I see.
CHARLEY: What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's suddenly occured to me.
CHARLEY: What has?
DOCTOR: That this is why no one has ever found out what happened to the Cimmerian sun.
CHARLEY: But we know, don't we? These particles did it. For some reason, the Cimmerians released particles which swallowed up the light from their sun.
DOCTOR: It seems that way, but this new wave of particles, they seem more powerful. They're actually attacking ROSM's systems, not just shutting off light. The first wave burnt out eyes. Who knows what the second wave do?
CHARLEY: You mean the Cimmerians are trying to kill us?
DOCTOR: We may have solved the mystery of the Cimmerian system, Charley, but it very much looks as if that information is going to die with us.

[Part Three]

CHARLEY: It's a pity we can't just get out of here in the Tardis. If only we could get ROSM to release us from these containment field things.
DOCTOR: If we could achieve that, I'd be far more interested in finding out exactly why the Cimmerians would want to make their sun disappear.
CHARLEY: You mean you'd *really* like to get us into trouble.
DOCTOR: I do take on board your desire to get us out of immediate danger.

CHARLEY: I'm so pleased.
DOCTOR: ROSM. ROSM, listen to me. Hello?
CHARLEY: Hello?
ROSM: I am listening.
DOCTOR: Can you estimate how long it will take for alien particles to critically damage you?
ROSM: I am not sure.
CHARLEY: Well, can't you just guess or something?
ROSM: Guessing is not useful.
CHARLEY: No, it wouldn't be.
DOCTOR: My point is that you are in immediate danger. Do you acknowledge that?
ROSM: Only as a percentage probability of reality.
DOCTOR: Well then, will you take some more advice?
CHARLEY: If you wouldn't mind.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Charley, shh.
ROSM: I will consider it.
DOCTOR: Just now you shut down the main airlock and activated your defences. That slowed down the flow of invading alien particles, didn't it? You remember that.
(The ROSM voice keeps speeding up and slowing down.)
ROSM: Only as a percentage probability of reality.
DOCTOR: All right, all right. But if you remember, in this picture of reality as a percentage probability, that was good advice, wasn't it?
ROSM: It would seem so.
DOCTOR: And the degredation of your systems has slowed down?
ROSM: It would seem so.
DOCTOR: Good. Good. The only conclusion you can come to is that I'm giving you good advice, yes?
CHARLEY: Let me gueess.
ROSM: It would seem so.
DOCTOR: So now I'm advising you to disengage from the Cimmeria Four Base airlock and blast off to a safe distance.
ROSM: How would you define a safe distance?
DOCTOR: That's up to you.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Do you think he'll do it?
DOCTOR: (sotto) I don't know. Just cross your fingers.
ROSM: Initiating blast-off sequence.
(Engines start.)
DOCTOR: Yes!
CHARLEY: Oh, thank goodness for that.
DOCTOR: And there you were, Charley Pollard, doubting me.
CHARLEY: I wasn't.
DOCTOR: I think you were.
CHARLEY: Well, maybe just a bit.
DOCTOR: Well, let that be a lesson to you.
(Charley laughs. Then we get nasty metal grating sounds and the engines stop.)
CHARLEY: Oh, no. What was that?
DOCTOR: ROSM?
ROSM: Cimmerian particles now entering ship's engine control systems. Blast-off not possible.
CHARLEY: Now what?
DOCTOR: Now what, indeed.

CIMMERIAN: We have prevented their machine from leaving. Haliard?
CIMMERIAN 2: He sleeps. I will awaken him.
(Haliard moans.)
CIMMERIAN: It is time, Haliard.
HALIARD: Time? Yes. It is time.

CHARLEY: If only we could break out of this containment thing, then
(Something powers down.)
CHARLEY: Wait a minute. Doctor, I can move my arm without. Doctor, look!
DOCTOR: The containment fields have gone. ROSM's systems really are in trouble. He's losing

control of all his functions bit by bit.
CHARLEY: I suppose that doesn't mean we can just run to the Tardis.
DOCTOR: No, we have to find out what's going on here. Running to the Tardis is a last resort. First, we've got to talk to that Cimmerian.
CHARLEY: Maybe if we hand it back to the other Cimmerians, they'll stop these particles and let us leave.
DOCTOR: It's a possibility. Come on.

FERRAS: I can't hear it breathing any more.
ORLLENSA: Let's hope it's dead. They should cut the damn thing open and see what makes it tick.
FERRAS: Do you mean that?
ORLLENSA: What do you think?
(Door opens, footsteps.)
FERRAS: Who is it?
CHARLEY: The Doctor and Charley.
ORLLENSA: What's happening? We heard the departure alarm, then everything went quiet.
DOCTOR: We're in big trouble. The Cimmerians have released another wave of particles, and this time they're destroying ROSM's systems.
FERRAS: You mean they're getting into the ship?
ORLLENSA: Oh. And we can't take off, correct?
FERRAS: What will these particles do to us?
DOCTOR: I dread to think. Where's the Cimmerian?
CHARLEY: What have you done with it?
FERRAS: You mean it's not here? Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: What? How should I know? I'm in the same boat as you. And we haven't done anything with it, much as I'd like to have done.
FERRAS: But, you mean it's gone, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes. Did you hear the door open and close?
ORLLENSA: Only when you entered just now.
CHARLEY: Well, we didn't see it leave.
DOCTOR: Then we must search for it, all of us.
ORLLENSA: Oh, you've got to be joking.
DOCTOR: Far from it. Charley, what were you trying to tell me on the control deck?
CHARLEY: That my eyesight is improving. But I thought you weren't interested.
DOCTOR: I'm always interested. Sometimes a bit distracted, but
CHARLEY: That's an understatement.
DOCTOR: Anyway, it's self-evident. I've been watching you. Your body language has become progressively more confident.
CHARLEY: You mean I'm not frightened of bumping into anything any more.
DOCTOR: Precisely.
FERRAS: But how? How has your eyesight improved? I don't understand. Does that mean our eyesight will return?
ORLLENSA: Oh, stop being pathetic, Ferras.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure, Ferras, but the Cimmerian came to *you*, didn't it, Charley? You said it reached out to you.
CHARLEY: Yes.
DOCTOR: Did it touch you?
CHARLEY: No. I don't know. It felt like, like something touched me.
DOCTOR: On your eyes?
CHARLEY: Yes.
DOCTOR: And that coincided with the ROSM Assault Unit detecting the creature releasing an energy field in your direction. That's what he said when I found you.
ORLLENSA: So what are you saying? That these creatures burn out our eyes and then want to restore our eyesight?
DOCTOR: Perhaps.
FERRAS: That doesn't make sense.
CHARLEY: I have to agree, Doctor.
ORLLENSA: And if this creature wanted to help us, why has it run off?
DOCTOR: After nearly being killed by ROSM, perhaps it's a little wary and want to go home. But

the fact remains that your eyesight has come back, hasn't it, Charley?
CHARLEY: Well, yes, but
DOCTOR: And the only creature who might possibly have brought it back is the Cimmerian, isn't it?
ORLLENSA: Oh, how the hell do you come to that ridiculous conclusion?
DOCTOR: Because there are no other possibilies, Orllensa. None of us releases energy fields and none of us has the ability to restore sight. Unless you're holding out on me, Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: Oh, very droll.
DOCTOR: The only evidence that we have is that this Cimmerian is drawn inexplicably to people with an eyesight problem.
FERRAS: What is it, then? An optician?
ORLLENSA: This is ridiculous.
DOCTOR: Perhaps it is, but can you think of another working hypothesis?
ORLLENSA: Maybe Charley's eyesight was going to get better anyway. And the ROSM unit arrived just in time to stop that little devil from drilling her eyeballs out.
DOCTOR: Somewhat characteristically pessimistic, but I suppose I have to concede it's a possibility. But I prefer to make a blind leap of faith.
ORLLENSA: How appropriate.
DOCTOR: Besides, we're about to be inundated with a potentially deadly wave of Cimmerian particles. ROSM's central processor is malfunctioning, so the only hope we've got is if that Cimmerian can help us in some way.
FERRAS: It's a bit of a long shot.
DOCTOR: My life's been built on them.
CHARLEY: So what do we do?
DOCTOR: Start the search. Charley, you take Orllensa. I'll take Ferras.
ORLLENSA: If your theory's correct, Doctor, you're using Ferras and me as, as bait for the Cimmerian.
DOCTOR: Yes. I suppose I'm hoping that it may overcome its fear and be drawn to you. On the other hand, it may not, but what have you got to lose?
FERRAS: Only our lives.
CHARLEY: But you'll be risking your lives just sitting here doing nothing as well.
ORLLENSA: So? What if I prefer to risk my life just sitting here? Sounds like a lot less trouble to me.
DOCTOR: Orllensa, we are dealing with a race that has no visual dimension to its perception. That creature does not have eyes.
CHARLEY: It talked about tasting light.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Now, we already know they have some sort of molecular manipulation technology. They seem to achieve what they want on a subatomic level. What if their agenda is something beyond our current understanding? What if they didn't mean to burn out your eyes? What if they can put right what they got wrong? Isn't that worth getting off your backsides for?
ORLLENSA: What if you're not as clever as you think you are, Doctor?
DOCTOR: What if you weren't such a cynical, embittered person, Orllensa? Look, I know you're suffering. You're hurting and you're afraid. We're all afraid. But
ORLLENSA: What if I made that blind leap of faith?
DOCTOR: Yes.
ORLLENSA: Seems Ferras and I are amply qualified for that. You'd better lead the way.
DOCTOR: Thank you.

ROSM: Percentage probability of reality is falling. System reboot.
(Click, click, whirr.)
ROSM: Reboot failure. Reality is now fully classified as an uncertainty.
HALIARD [OC]: ROSM, this is Haliard. I'm at the airlock. You must let me in.
ROSM: Opening airlock will increase flow of alien particles.
HALIARD [OC]: They're getting in anyway. You must let me in, ROSM.
ROSM: Reality is an uncertain concept. I will not risk further action. I may be in error.
(Fizz, crackle.)
ROSM: Lighting systems are failing. Power is falling.
HALIARD [OC]: Let me in!
ROSM: Communication is terminated. No action is to be taken.

DOCTOR: The lights are getting dim.
FERRAS: Oh, God. No.
DOCTOR: Ferras, tell me more about this plan you had to fire up artificial suns around Cimmerian Four.
FERRAS: It wasn't my plan. I'm just one of the worker bees, Doctor. The plan was formulated by Professor Astrov, some important egghead back at Central. I'd say you could access his manual on ROSM's system if, well, if it weren't for the fact that everything seems to be falling apart here. If you're really interested, that is.
DOCTOR: I'm always interested, Ferras. But as a worker bee, what was your understanding of the plan?
FERRAS: You're trying to keep my mind off the situation, aren't you?
DOCTOR: Humour me.
FERRAS: Well, er, we installed EPUs, Energy Projection Units, all over the planet. Central one is on top of the base. It coordinates all of the others. There's a ring of artificial suns in orbit, and we're about to fire the EPUs and light up the suns, but then, well.
DOCTOR: The Cimmerians seem to have other ideas.
FERRAS: Yeah.
DOCTOR: Hmm.
FERRAS: Is it getting any darker?
DOCTOR: Oh, a bit. Come on.

CHARLEY: So, you were the boss on that base, then?
ORLLENSA: Yes. Huh. Not that those two ever took me seriously. I don't think they ever took anything seriously. They used to make me laugh.
CHARLEY: You got on well?
ORLLENSA: The best team I ever had. This was our third assignment together. Things were going well. I'd had a string of bad luck with the last two teams.
CHARLEY: Bad luck?
ORLLENSA: You know. We got kidnapped by the locals a couple of times, had to be rescued. I even had an undercover terrorist on a team once. Just when the job was done, she pulled out a bomb and said the human race has no place in space.
CHARLEY: What did you do?
ORLLENSA: I hit her with a spanner. She died later.
CHARLEY: Oh.
ORLLENSA: I know. I surprised myself. Just a reflex reaction. She was going crazy, the spanner was right near me. She turned her back to me for a moment so I didn't really think, just, thump. They promoted me because of that.
CHARLEY: I see.
ORLLENSA: What about you and your Doctor friend? We don't know anything about you.
CHARLEY: Oh well, we wanted to find out why there was no sun here. Well, the Doctor did.
ORLLENSA: And you came along for the ride? (laughs) I bet you wish you'd stayed at home.
CHARLEY: No.
ORLLENSA: No? What, you're enjoying all this?
CHARLEY: No, I mean, being with the Doctor. In a funny sort of way, that feels like home now.

DOCTOR: So the EPUs all have their own independent power storage units.
FERRAS: Yeah, that was it, I think. Yeah. We only needed to send the activation signal, but when the base shifted, the central EPU went out of alignment.
DOCTOR: Wait a minute.
ROSM [OC]: Reality is uncertain.
FERRAS: What is it?
DOCTOR: We're back at the control deck, I think.
FERRAS: Listen. That's ROSM, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Yes. Come on, this way.
ROSM: Reality is uncertain.

ORLLENSA: Oh, this is a waste of time. We should go back to the
CHARLEY: Shh. Keep your voice down. I think I heard something.
ORLLENSA: Where? I didn't.
CHARLEY: Shh! You were too busy being negative.

ORLLENSA: Well? Can you see anything?
CHARLEY: It's too dark. Hello?
ORLLENSA: What are you doing?
CHARLEY: Shh. It's all right. It's only me. Remember me? The one you helped?
ORLLENSA: Now I heard that.
CHARLEY: Wait here.
ORLLENSA: What? No, don't leave me.
CHARLEY: Why not?
ORLLENSA: Please. Please. I'm, I'm scared.
CHARLEY: What are you scared about? You're the one who bashes people over the head with spanners.
ORLLENSA: Well, yes, but I haven't got a spanner with me, have I?
CHARLEY: Just wait here. I won't be long. All right?
ORLLENSA: Oh, all right.
(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Hello? We don't mean you any harm. Please? We only want to talk. Remember me? (voice recedes) We didn't mean to hurt you.
ORLLENSA: Charley? Charley? Oh, no. Please, no. Not again. Please, keep away from me. Keep away. Don't hurt me. Please!

ROSM: Reality is uncertain. Reality is is un un un un
FERRAS: God, he's really screwed now, is't he.
DOCTOR: It would seem that way. The volume of Cimmerian particles in his system must be increasing pretty rapidly. ROSM? ROSM.
ROSM: Un un uncertain.
DOCTOR: Can you hear me? ROSM, I have to get access to Professor Astrov's database on the Cimmerian Four EPU project. You have that information.
ROSM: Prof, Prof, Professor Astrov designed me. Designed me.
DOCTOR: Did he? Well, I'm glad for both of you, but you must listen to me, ROSM. There isn't much time.
HALIARD [OC]: You must listen to me, ROSM. There isn't much time.
DOCTOR: Who's that?
FERRAS: Hal? Hal, is that you? Doctor, it's Haliard. Where is he?
HALIARD [OC]: ROSM? ROSM, you must let me in. Open the airlock.
FERRAS: He can't hear us.
DOCTOR: ROSM hasn't opened the comm. link. He's trying to block the signal out, but is intermittantly failing.
HALIARD [OC]: Are you listening to me? You must surrender to the Cimmerians. They let me come out here to tell you that.
FERRAS: Haliard! Hal! What did they do to you?
DOCTOR: It's no good. He's on audio only and ROSM doesn't want a conversation.
FERRAS: Oh, great.
DOCTOR: Stand back, Ferras.
FERRAS: What are you going to do?
DOCTOR: Desperate situations require desperate solutions. I'm going to use my sonic screwdriver to emit a concentrated sonic beam at this main panel. I have to get inside ROSM's systems and access them manually before it's too late.
FERRAS: And then what?
DOCTOR: I'm going to try to activate Professor Astrov's plan to bring light to Cimmeria Four.
FERRAS: Well, how can that work?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure, but if I can realign and fire your EPUs with enough power, we may be able to overwhelm the Cimmerian particles with sheer heat and light energy by illuminating your artificial sun array. Worth a try, wouldn't you say?
FERRAS: I'll say anything's worth a try at this stage.
DOCTOR: Cover your ears.
(Sonic whirr. Bang!)

(A woman's voice, singing gently at a distance.)
CHARLEY: Orllensa? Orllensa, is that really you?

ORLLENSA: Hello, Charley. Isn't he beautiful?
CHARLEY: Oh, my God.

ROSM: Reality is uncertain.
DOCTOR: Sorry about this, ROSM.
(Clatter of metal bits.)
DOCTOR: Ah, good old-fashioned keyboard. Nice to see your Professor Astrov foresaw the need for manual override.
ROSM: Reality is uncertain, Doctor. Are you real?
DOCTOR: Not for much longer if I mess this up.
ROSM: Are you, are you real
FERRAS: Any luck, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Maybe, maybe. What does an EPU look like?
FERRAS: Er, why?
DOCTOR: Just answer the question, please, Ferras.
FERRAS: Well, it's sort of a reinforced tripod with a
DOCTOR: Disc on top?
FERRAS: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Why? Don't tell me you've found one in that control panel.
DOCTOR: No, but I've found an onscreen icon that looks just like it.
ASTROV [OC]: As you know, initial flybys of the Cimmerian system made it clear that it is rich in minerals and is uninhabited. In other words, ideal for mining and commercial exploitation without any adverse environmental and cultural side-effects which might fall foul of the Galactic Charter on Species Protection.
DOCTOR: Is this what I'm looking for?
FERRAS: Yeah, that's it all right. I'd recognise that drone anywhere.
DOCTOR: I'd rather be bored than dead any day. Here goes.
(Keyboard sounds.)
ASTROV [OC]: Workforce, and to that end, we at the Institute have prepared this procedure for the creation of an artificial sun array, which will provide a viable energy and more importantly, light source, making the planet habitable with a minimum economic outlay on life support installations.
(Beep!)

ORLLENSA: It's a miracle, isn't it.
CHARLEY: Yes. Yes, it is.
ORLLENSA: How could something, something as small and helpless as this, this creature be capable of something like this?
CHARLEY: I don't know. Poor thing. It looks exhausted.
ORLLENSA: Well, it's just managed to somehow recreate my eyes. I don't pretend to understand, but I imagine that might take a lot of effort. Are they still blue?
CHARLEY: Yes. Yes. Hello. Can you hear me? Do you remember me?
CIMMERIAN: Yes.
CHARLEY: Is there anything we can do for you?
CIMMERIAN: Tired.
CHARLEY: I'm not surprised. How did you do it?
CIMMERIAN: Forbidden.
CHARLEY: What's forbidden?
CIMMERIAN: They will come now.
CHARLEY: Who will?
CIMMERIAN: Solarians.
CHARLEY: Solarians? Have you heard of them, Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: No. Who are the Solarians?
CIMMERIAN: From ancient times. They will see the light, destroy us all.

ASTROV [OC]: Slaved to the energy output of this master EPU.
ROSM: Doctor.
ASTROV [OC]: It's positioning is, therefore, crucial, as the remaining twelve slave EPUs have been loaded with software which ensures they will automatically adjust their positioning in synch with, and relative to the master EPU.
DOCTOR: Now, I've got the EPU alignment display up now.

FERRAS: Er, right, right, let me think, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Not for too long, Ferras, please.
FERRAS: No, I know, I know.
HALIARD [OC]: ROSM, for God's sake. You must open the airlock and surrender to the Cimmerians.
FERRAS: I wish we could talk to him.
DOCTOR: Never mind that. Keep your mind on the job in hand.
HALIARD [OC]: What about Orllensa and Ferras? Let me talk to them. Please!
DOCTOR: He's certainly pretty desperate.
FERRAS: Right, I think I remember. You have to set the central EPU alignments to auto-track. As Astrov says, it should find alignments with the others, and then they'll follow suit.
DOCTOR: Auto-track, auto-track, come on. Got it.
FERRAS: Is it doing it?
DOCTOR: Yes, it is.
FERRAS: Right, you have to wait a while.
HALIARD [OC]: Ferras? Ferras, mate. If you can hear me, you have got to get ROSM to open the airlock. The Cimmerian particles will totally shut down all systems, including your life support in there. Can you hear me?
FERRAS: Is he telling the truth?
DOCTOR: That's academic really, since we can't actually talk to him or do as he asks. Alignment achieved.
FERRAS: That's it. We just have to send a signal for firing, and the EPUs will fire when the power levels are right.
DOCTOR: Firing sequence. I pressed the engage control, but nothing happened.
FERRAS: It won't for a while, if the signal got through.
DOCTOR: Sounds like ROSM's giving up the ghost. ROSM, can you hear me? Did the signal get through?
ROSM: Total systems failure in in three. Total systems failure in three minutes.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: How long will it take for the EPUs to power up, Ferras?
FERRAS: I hate to say this, but it could be up to three minutes.
DOCTOR: We may not know if we've succeeded until after the life support systems have shut down. Gives the phrase cutting it fine a very keen and immediate relevance, doesn't it?
CHARLEY: Doctor, I thought I might find you here.
DOCTOR: So you found the Cimmerian.
CHARLEY: That's not all. Look at Orllensa.
DOCTOR: Orllensa!
ORLLENSA: I know. Incredible, isn't it? Thank you.
DOCTOR: No, don't thank me. I imagine your little friend had something to do with it.
FERRAS: What? What's happened?
ORLLENSA: But it was you who persuaded me to take the leap of faith, Doctor.
FERRAS: Orllensa, you found the Cimmerian?
ORLLENSA: Ferras, we found him, and he gave me back my eyes.
FERRAS: My God. That's incredible! Does that mean? I mean, will it be able to do the same for me?
ORLLENSA: He's a little tired just now, but let's hope so.
DOCTOR: He doesn't look too well.
CHARLEY: He's exhausted, the poor thing. But listen, Doctor. I think I know why the Cimmerians don't like the light.
DOCTOR: You've been speaking with him again?
CHARLEY: Yes. He said something about a race called Solarians.
DOCTOR: Solarians. I've heard that before. There are a number of races I can think of that go by that name.
ORLLENSA: He said that they would see the light. That they would be drawn to it.
DOCTOR: Like moths to a flame.
CHARLEY: Maybe, but he said they would come here and destroy us.
DOCTOR: What? Oh dear.
CHARLEY: They're apparently from ancient times. Well, that's what he said. But Doctor, that's why the Cimmerians have developed a way of destroying light. To protect themselves from these Solarians.

DOCTOR: But why would the Solarians want to destroy the Cimmerians?
ORLLENSA: Oh, come on. Why does anyone want to destroy anyone? It's the way of the universe, Doctor. Feuds, wars. Take my word for it, there's no shortage of races itching to wipe out their neighbours.
DOCTOR: I'm well aware of that.
FERRAS: But if this happened in ancient times, then maybe these Solarians are long gone.
CHARLEY: The Cimmerians aren't.
FERRAS: We could be in a lot of trouble.
ORLLENSA: If only we could just leave. Leave this place in the dark.
CHARLEY: Doctor, surely now's the time to use the Tardis.
FERRAS: Tardis?
DOCTOR: I'd agree with you, Charley, but for one rather important factor.
CHARLEY: What's that?
HALIARD [OC]: Orllensa, Ferras, can you hear me? You've got to override the ROSM's systems. Open the airlock door!
ORLLENSA: That's Haliard.
FERRAS: We thought the Cimmerians had got at him. That they were using him to get to us.
ORLLENSA: Can't we talk to him, find out what's going on?
DOCTOR: Unfortunately ROSM won't respond, and anyway, the ship's systems are about to break down completely, which means the life support system will shut down and we'll all be dead within the hour.
CHARLEY: Doctor, we have to get into the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Unfortunately I may have made the situation a lot worse.
CHARLEY: How?
ORLLENSA: Well?
DOCTOR: I may or may not have reactivated the EPUs.
CHARLEY: Those artificial sun things?
ORLLENSA: What do you mean, may or may not?
CHARLEY: Doctor?
FERRAS: He sent the signal, then ROSM went dead. It might not have got through.
ROSM: Systems failure in one minute. Total systems failure in one minute.
HALIARD [OC]: Please, Orllensa, Ferras, ROSM, anyone, if you don't open the door, you're going to die! They've sent me here to warn you! They don't want to kill you. Do you understand?
ROSM: Total systems failure in
DOCTOR: It seems the signal got through. The EPUs are about to fire.
CHARLEY: And that will light up the artificial suns?
DOCTOR: My plan was to destroy the Cimmerian particles with a massive dose of heat and light energy. If these Solarian creatures still exist
CHARLEY: We'll be lighting this planet up like a beacon for them to follow.
CIMMERIAN: No!
DOCTOR: I'll be condemning the Cimmerians to destruction at the hands of their ancient enemies.
ORLLENSA: If they're hostile, I don't expect these Solarians will be very happy to see us either.
DOCTOR: What have I done?
CHARLEY: You weren't to know.
DOCTOR: I've interfered, that's what I've done. When will I ever learn?
FERRAS: Doctor, don't be hard on yourself. What you've done is amazing. And you did it for all the right reasons.
DOCTOR: Not very comforting as an epitaph, is it.
ORLLENSA: The EPUs are firing.
HALIARD [OC]: What have you done? No, what have you done? You idiots! You blind, stupid idiots!
(Array of sound effects in crescendo then diminuendo.)
ROSM: Systems reboot successful. Cimmerian particles dissipating.
ORLLENSA: ROSM, can you switch to external scanners?
ROSM: Switching.
ORLLENSA: Ah. Oh.
CIMMERIAN: The light. I can taste the light.
FERRAS: I can feel the warmth on my face.
DOCTOR: The first new dawn in the Cimmerian system for a thousand years, and it's my fault.

(Alarm sounds.)
ORLLENSA: ROSM, what is it?
ROSM: Long range scanners detecting unidentified objects entering the Cimmerian system.
CHARLEY: Well, they haven't wasted any time, have they?
DOCTOR: The return of the ancients.

[Part Four]

ORLLENSA: ROSM, can you get a visual?
ROSM: Attempting interface with Cimmeria Four tracking satellite.
FERRAS: ROSM, can you put us in touch with Haliard?
ROSM: Visual contact with Haliard now established.
HALIARD [OC]: Orllensa, what? Oh, you've got your eyes back. too.
ORLLENSA: Yes. Yes, you too, I see.
HALIARD [OC]: Mike? What about Mike?
FERRAS: Not so lucky, I'm afraid, Hal.
HALIARD [OC]: Don't worry, they'll sort you out, mate. We got them all wrong. They didn't mean to hurt us. They were just protecting themselves.
DOCTOR: Yes, we know that now.
HALIARD [OC]: Who the hell are you?
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor. We did actually meet.
HALIARD [OC]: I sort of remember, but it was before. Before the Cimmerians. You know, before
DOCTOR: Before they healed you, body and soul.
HALIARD [OC]: Well, yeah, I suppose so.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, of course.
CHARLEY: Doctor? I know that face. You've had an idea, haven't you?
DOCTOR: I think so. The molecular technology, the ability to destroy or restore living tissue seemingly at will. The Cimmerians are a race of healers.
ORLLENSA: It makes sense.
CHARLEY: Is there such a thing?
DOCTOR: Well, virtually every civilisation has its healer myths. Stories of beings who can restore health, alleviate suffering with just the power of touch. And besides, I rather think you, Orllensa, and Haliard are living proof.
HALIARD [OC]: Listen to me. Our problem is that the Cimmerians have done all this to protect themselves from
CHARLEY: From the Solarians. Yes, we know.
CIMMERIAN: The Solarians.
ORLLENSA: What's he doing?
HALIARD [OC]: Orllensa, what's happening?
(Power increase, Cimmerian whimper.)
FERRAS: My eyes. I can feel light. I can, I can see something!
CHARLEY: Doctor, the Cimmerian, it's too weak to be doing this, surely. Look at it.
DOCTOR: It feels compelled to heal, even at the expense of its own life. I think I'm beginning to understand.
(Power and whimper sounds stop.)
FERRAS: (laughing) I just, I just never thought.
ORLLENSA: Never thought you'd see again. I know. I know.
FERRAS: Where is the little fella? I want to thank him.
ORLLENSA: Oh, my God.
CHARLEY: Oh no.
DOCTOR: Let me see.
HALIARD [OC]: What's that, Mike? What's going on?
CHARLEY: He's dead, isn't he.
DOCTOR: Yes. I know what I must do.
ORLLENSA: Doctor, what are you doing?
CHARLEY: Where are you taking him?
DOCTOR: To the Cimmerians.
CHARLEY: What if they don't understand? What if they think
DOCTOR: Charley, this is my fault, my responsibility. I have to put things right. Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I take it you're in command here now.
ORLLENSA: Any orders I give are subject to the agreement of ROSM, but essentially, yes, I am.
DOCTOR: Then I have a suggestion for you. Make all preparations for take-off, then, when you're in orbit, use ROSM's weaponry to destroy the artificial suns. Give the Cimmerians back their darkness.
ORLLENSA: I can't think of a better plan.
DOCTOR: I'll let Haliard in on my way out.
CHARLEY: Let me help you carry
DOCTOR: No, no, Charley. You know as well as I do he's as light as a feather. Besides, I want you to stay here.
CHARLEY: But
DOCTOR: No arguments, Charley, You'll be safer here.
CHARLEY: Safer? What do you
DOCTOR: Charley. I won't be long, all right?
CHARLEY: All right.

CIMMERIAN: He is dead.
CIMMERIAN 2: It is as it was in ancient times, and will be again. It is the beginning of the end for us.

(Keyboard beeps.)
DOCTOR: Oh, come on, ROSM, you can open the airlock door now.
ROSM: I am not programmed to take orders from *you*, lifeform Doctor. Reconstructed memory data indicates you recently caused extensive damage to my hardware, and illegally entered my system files.
DOCTOR: Guilty, but I was trying to save your life and everyone else's.
ROSM: I have not yet come to that conclusion. In the meantime, your movements will be limited to the confines of this ship.
DOCTOR: Ask Orllensa. She'll order you to open the door for me.
ROSM: In matters of security, I outrank her.
DOCTOR: Haliard, are you still out there?
HALIARD [OC]: Is that the Doctor? Yeah.
DOCTOR: Would you like to come in?
HALIARD [OC]: Well, obviously.
DOCTOR: Can you ask ROSM, please?
HALIARD [OC]: ROSM, let me in. Open the airlock door.
ROSM: If I let you in, I will letting a potentially dangerous alien out.
HALIARD [OC]: Who?
DOCTOR: He means me.
HALIARD [OC]: Oh. Are you potentially dangerous, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I might be if ROSM keeps me hanging around here for much longer.
HALIARD [OC]: I thought you were on our side.
DOCTOR: I am.
ROSM: I'm afraid that in the best interests of security, the airlock door will remain closed until such time as lifeform Doctor can be removed from the area.
DOCTOR: Well, that'll be a long wait. As far as I know, all your Roving Assault Units have shut down and are scattered about the Cimmeria Four Base.
ROSM: I am attempting to reactivate them.
DOCTOR: Oh, I haven't got time for this. Sonic screwdriver. How do I ever do without you? Do your worst.
(Whirr!)
ROSM: Attention, attention. Illegal use of airlock door in progress.
(Airlock opens.)
HALIARD: Did you do that?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I did. Excuse me.
(Footsteps.)
HALIARD: Where're you taking that Cimmerian?
DOCTOR: Home. There's just one thing, Haliard. You spoke with the Cimmerians, didn't you?
HALIARD: Yeah. Well, they were quite chatty after a while.

DOCTOR: Will they be able to release more particles to shut off the light again?
HALIARD: Eventually, yes. But they told me that the last wave took a lot out of them. They kind of need a big run up to it, if you see what I mean. As far as I could gather, I think it'll be days before they can do it again.
DOCTOR: I see. I see. Thank you, Haliard. Er
HALIARD: What is it?
DOCTOR: I know we've really only known each other a couple of minutes, but could I ask you a favour?
HALIARD: Well, I
DOCTOR: It's my friend Charley. Do you remember her?
HALIARD: Er, I'm not sure.
DOCTOR: Well, when you get to the control deck, she'll be the only one you don't recognise.
HALIARD: Right.
DOCTOR: If I don't come back, make sure she's safe, won't you.
HALIARD: Well, yeah, I'll, I'll, I'll
DOCTOR: Do your best.
HALIARD: Yeah.
DOCTOR: Well, that's all anyone can ever ask for, Haliard. Goodbye.

ORLLENSA: How soon will you be ready to initiate the blast-off sequence, ROSM?
ROSM: I'm still running comprehensive diagnostics on all rebooted systems. I anticipate a delay to blast-off of approximately one hour and thirteen minutes.
FERRAS: Oh, that's my lucky number.
ORLLENSA: Any progress on that visual hook-up to the Cimmeria Four satellite?
ROSM: Completing interface now.
CHARLEY: Let's see what these Solarians look like.
FERRAS: What do you make of it, Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: I don't know.
CHARLEY: I've seen them before.
FERRAS: What? When? I mean, where?
CHARLEY: Just before the Cimmerian sun disappeared.
ORLLENSA: But that was centuries ago.
(Door opens and closes.)
FERRAS: Haliard! Good to see you, mate.
HALIARD: How about a game of draughts to celebrate, eh?
FERRAS: Do you know, that's how ridiculously happy I feel. After all this, I'd even be glad to see your wretched draughts board again.
(Both laugh.)
ORLLENSA: It's good to see you, Haliard. And you know how much I mean that.
HALIARD: Yeah. Yeah, I know. Aye, aye, I take it those are the Solarians.
CHARLEY: Yes.
ORLLENSA: That's what we're assuming. And Charley here thinks she saw them hundreds of years ago. Care to explain that?
HALIARD: You're Charley?
CHARLEY: Yes. We met before.
HALIARD: Aye, so I gather, but I wasn't really myself, you know. Listen, I saw your friend the Doctor on his was out. He er. Well, he told me to look after you.
CHARLEY: Told you what?
HALIARD: Yeah, a bit strange, I know. So just let me know when you need looking after.
CHARLEY: Oh, no.
HALIARD: Really that appalling a prospect, is it?
CHARLEY: Oh, no. Did he say anything about not coming back?
HALIARD: Er, well, now you come to mention it.
CHARLEY: Oh! Sometimes I could strangle him! Excuse me.
(Running feet.)
FERRAS: Oh, that fatal Haliard charm works wonders, doesn't it.
HALIARD: Give it a rest, Mike.
(Door opens and closes.)
ORLLENSA: I see you two are fully recovered.

DOCTOR: Hello? Can you hear me? Look, I don't think it's a case of me finding you, I think you find me, isn't that the deal? I don't think there's a way in or a way out of where you people live. I think you use your molecular skills to, well, walk through walls or whatever. That's how this poor little chap managed to walk about aboard the ROSM ship. So I'm guessing you know I'm here. I've come to say I'm sorry.
(Running feet.)
DOCTOR: Is that you?
CHARLEY: (breathless) Well, thank you very much.
DOCTOR: Charley, what's the matter?
CHARLEY: Has everything we've been through meant so little to you that at the first sign of trouble you just dump me?
DOCTOR: Charley, I was thinking of your safety.
CHARLEY: By leaving me in goodness knows what century with a load of people I don't even know? Well, I'd rather look after myself, thank you very much, if that's your idea of consideration.
DOCTOR: Charley.
CHARLEY: I think it's much more likely that you're feeling guilty about making a mistake, and think you can make yourself feel better by making a grand noble gesture. Isn't that nearer the truth?
DOCTOR: Charley, what I did has quite possibly caused the destruction of a whole race.
CHARLEY: But you didn't mean to do that.
DOCTOR: What kind of an excuse is that?
CHARLEY: It's not an excuse, it's just the truth. You're hoping the Cimmerians are going to punish you, aren't you? Chop off your head, or something. How self-indulgent can you be? You won't be happy until you're dead, will you, and how will that help the rest of us?
(Build up of power sound.)
DOCTOR: Charley, you'd better leave.
CHARLEY: I'm staying here. You obviously can't be trusted to look after yourself.
(Sound stops.)
CHARLEY: It just climbed up through the floor!
CIMMERIAN: Doctor, you offer us nothing but death.

FERRAS: Those Solarians are moving at a fair lick, aren't they.
HALIARD: Hmm. What kind of ships are those? I've never seen anything like them before.
ORLLENSA: How long have we got until they arrive, ROSM?
ROSM: At current speed, they will arrive in one hour and fifty nine minutes.
FERRAS: Well, that gives us about a forty five minutes safety margin.
ROSM: However, tracking indicates that the ships are increasing velocity steadily.
HALIARD: Oh, great.
ORLLENSA: ROSM, we have to blast off before they get here. Do you understand? Are there any diagnostics you can safely bypass?
ROSM: I will assess the situation.
ORLLENSA: Just bear in mind that those ships are likely to destroy us if we're not out of here before they arrive. Am I making myself clear?
ROSM: I interpret your remarks to mean an emergency situation is in progress, which requires all haste on my part.
ORLLENSA: You've got it. Haliard, do you know where the Doctor and Charley have gone?
HALIARD: Well, they went into the base. He said he was taking the Cimmerian home.
FERRAS: He's gone to apologise, hasn't he.
ORLLENSA: Let's hope they have a forgiving nature.

(Voices echoing slightly.)
DOCTOR: Charley, are you all right?
CHARLEY: I have to say that was rather incredible. Just gliding down through several feet of solid concrete and rock.
DOCTOR: Your people have great power.
CIMMERIAN: But not enough to save our brother. There is no way back from death.
CIMMERIAN 2: Let us take him from you.
CHARLEY: Simple funeral. No fuss or bother, I suppose.
DOCTOR: Molecular dispersal.

CIMMERIAN: He is the first of many to die, now the Solarians are returning.
CHARLEY: How many of you Cimmerians are there?
CIMMERIAN: What are Cimmerian?
DOCTOR: I'm sorry. My friend is giving you a name the humans made for you. The Cimmeriae are a legendary people who lived in darkness.
CIMMERIAN: I understand the allusion, but it was not always so for our people.
DOCTOR: I didn't realise. What I'm trying to say is I want to apologise to you. I acted in ignorance. I thought your, your power would destroy us.
CIMMERIAN: You acted out of fear. We have encountered this in others.
CHARLEY: Is, is there anything to fear from you?
CIMMERIAN: We are not creatures of destruction.
CHARLEY: Oh. The Doctor said you were healers.
CIMMERIAN: That is correct. The harm wrought to your human friends was a mistake. You are very different from us. We did not understand. It seems we have both made mistakes, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Except that yours were reversible. What can I do to help?
CIMMERIAN: We appreciate your kindness, but there is nothing that can be done. Once the Solarians arrive, it will be as our legends tell.
DOCTOR: Will you tell us something of your legends? Maybe if I know more, I'll be able to do some good.
CIMMERIAN: I see no harm in it. It would be as good a way as any to spend our final moments.

ROSM: Projected arrival of alien ships, one hour and ten minutes.
HALIARD: This really is not doing anything for my blood pressure.
FERRAS: Except making it higher, presumably. Still feel like a game of draughts?
ORLLENSA: Shut up, gentlemen, please. ROSM, have you managed to shave anything off our departure time?
ROSM: Emergency imperatives have allowed me to reschedule blast-off to 0740 hours. One hour from now.
FERRAS: Whoa, still ahead. Yes.
ROSM: But the alien ships are still increasing their speed.
HALIARD: And I know why. It's just struck me.
FERRAS: What?
HALIARD: Solar sails. Those things on the alien ships. Solar sails.
ORLLENSA: You're right, Haliard! The first space pioneers used to use them. Solar sails that pick up light energy from stars. I remember seeing them in those old history vids.
FERRAS: What, nothing better to do with your youth?
ORLLENSA: Which means that the closer they get to us, the more light they'll pick up, the faster they'll be travelling.
ROSM: I will endeavour to keep the time of our blast-off ahead of their arrival time, but I must warn you that diagnostics and safety procedures will be compromised.
ORLLENSA: I know, ROSM, but we don't have a choice. Haliard, you know the Cimmerians pretty well, don't you?
HALIARD: Yeah, I suppose so.
ORLLENSA: You've got to get out there and find the Doctor. Let him know what's going on and bring him back here.
HALIARD: Right. Right. Okay. Are you sure?
ORLLENSA: Haliard!
HALIARD: Okay, okay. I'm going.

(Bubbling sound.)
CHARLEY: What's that smell? Something cooking?
CIMMERIAN: It is our sacred history.
CHARLEY: I, I don't quite. Doctor? It looks like a boiling mud pie and smells like cook's roasted the potatoes dry.
DOCTOR: Not exactly fragrant, I agree.
CIMMERIAN: Place it before them.
(A pot rattles.)
DOCTOR: This is your history?
CIMMERIAN: It is all that is left. As time passes, it diminishes. Since the end is near, you may drink of it lavishly. Taste the past of our people.

CHARLEY: Taste? That seems to be their most important sense, Doctor. The one who died, he said he tasted the light.
DOCTOR: Then somehow they store their history in a medium that can be read, or rather, accessed, by taste. Ingenious.
CIMMERIAN: I sense your fear, but it cannot harm you. Now we understand what you are.
DOCTOR: Well, here goes.
CHARLEY: There are two spoons, Doctor. Pass one to me.
DOCTOR: There's no sense in both of us risking
CHARLEY: I told you. I'm here to look after you. Pass it over.
(Scraping of spoon on metal pot.)
DOCTOR: You all right?
CHARLEY: It tastes, it tastes (distorted sound then whooshes.) What's the matter with them?
DOCTOR: They're dying. Millions of them dying. Looks like some kind of plague.
CIMMERIAN: My people had always healed the sick. It is our joy. Again a terrible sickness came to the Solarians. Indeed, the demands of their suffering were never-ending. As long as there was light upon this world, they were drawn to us.
DOCTOR: Charley, don't you recognise those? They must be spaceships,
CHARLEY: That's right, Doctor. I forgot to tell you. We've seen them before, haven't we?
DOCTOR: Yes. In the Tardis, when we approached the moment of the sun disappearing.
CHARLEY: I saw those same ships on ROSM's screen. They're the Solarians.
DOCTOR: We're seeing them closer now.
CHARLEY: Yes, just like I said before. Like sailing ships.
DOCTOR: Solar sails. No wonder they were attracted to the Cimmerian sun. They're powered by sunlight.
CHARLEY: So cutting off the light would stop them from coming here.
DOCTOR: So the overwhelming numbers of Solarian sick were
CHARLEY: Draining the life out of your people.
CIMMERIAN: Eventually my people began to die of the sickness. It overpowered us. But the Solarians would not relent. Ship after ship arrived, and we could not turn them away.
DOCTOR: Because you had to heal, even at the expense of your own lives. So your ancestors used what power they had left to shut out the sunlight.
CIMMERIAN: It took nearly all the lifeforce of those who remained. Then, in the darkness, they slept. When they awoke, they were as we are now, creatures who embrace darkness as our only means of survival.
DOCTOR: A kind of forced accelerated evolution. The ultimate adaptation to environment. You didn't need light any more.
CHARLEY: But your healing powers remained.
CIMMERIAN: As generations passed, the gift returned to us.
DOCTOR: And now I've brought it all to an end.
CIMMERIAN: It is merely the tragedy of misunderstanding between two species, Doctor. And our final punishment.
CHARLEY: Punishment? What do you mean?
CIMMERIAN: We were born to heal, but we neglected our duty.
DOCTOR: In order to survive. You can't be condemned for that.
CIMMERIAN: When we condemned millions of others to die? It is time for us to face the consequences of our actions.
HALIARD [OC]: Charley? Charley? Doctor?
DOCTOR: That's Haliard.
CHARLEY: Yes, my new guardian angel.
CIMMERIAN: I will bring him to us.
HALIARD: Ah, thanks.
CIMMERIAN: You are welcome, Haliard.
HALIARD: Ah, there you are, Doctor. I thought I might find you two here. Everything patched up here?
CIMMERIAN: There are no recriminations, Haliard. You have come to take them?
HALIARD: Yes, I have. Doctor, we'll be ready to go within the hour. Maybe sooner.
CHARLEY: Can't we take the Cimmerians with us?
CIMMERIAN: We will not leave, Charley. Go now and save yourselves.
DOCTOR: We will go, but not just to save ourselves. We'll do our best for you.
CIMMERIAN: Do as you will. Farewell.

ROSM: Lifeforms Doctor, Charley and Haliard are approaching the ship.
ORLLENSA: This is it. Prepare for blast-off, ROSM.
ROSM: There are still additional safety checks which have to be made. Other vital systems may be compromised by lack of time allocated to diagnostic tests.
FERRAS: Have you seen how close those Solarian ships are? Orllensa, tell him!
ROSM: I am well aware of that.
ORLLENSA: ROSM, there's no time for this. Override all safety checks. Initiate blast-off sequence the moment the Doctor and the others are aboard.
ROSM: This is an unwise decision, but does not fall under my jurisdiction. I must therefore comply. Lifeforms Doctor, Charley and Haliard are now aboard. Airlock closing. Initiating launch sequence.
(Engine sound.)
ROSM: Now in flight. Climbing to orbital course.
(Door opens, running feet.)
ORLLENSA: Well done, ROSM.
FERRAS: You made it. So Haliard survives to beat me at draughts another day.
HALIARD: You'd better believe it.
DOCTOR: Everything going according to plan, Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: So far.
CHARLEY: Oh, my goodness. Look how close those Solarian ships are.
FERRAS: I know. They've been coming in at a fair lick, all right.
ORLLENSA: ROSM, arm main weaponry.
ROSM: Arming.
DOCTOR: Orllensa, do me one last favour. Ask questions first, and shoot later.
ORLLENSA: But aren't we certain these creatures are hostile?
CHARLEY: It's been a long time since they were here. Maybe they've reformed a bit.
HALIARD: Optimistic, I'll give her that.
ORLLENSA: All right, Doctor. ROSM, contact the leading alien ship with a full range of frequencies. Standard friendly greetings.
(Bang! Screams!)
FERRAS: What the hell was that?
ROSM: Alien vessels are firing upon us.
ORLLENSA: Still want me to ask questions, Doctor?
DOCTOR: It seems nothing changes. Time marches on but war never fades.
FERRAS: They're closing on us fast, Orllensa.
ORLLENSA: ROSM, target the artificial sun array and open fire.
CHARLEY: That'll take the wind out of their sails.
ORLLENSA: ROSM, what's the matter?
ROSM: I have disabled all weapon systems to prevent you from committing an illegal action.
CHARLEY: An illegal action?
ROSM: An action contrary to my security override. In these matters, I outrank Orllensa.
DOCTOR: In what matters? ROSM, for goodness sake, this is not the time to start being pedantic. Use your reasoning powers. We're about to be destroyed. If we cut off the supply of sunlight to the alien aggressors, their ships will lose power.
ROSM: Destruction of the artificial sun array is prohibited. They are Company property. No damage is to be inflicted on Company property designed to the specifications laid down by Professor Astrov.
HALIARD: What? I always suspected that Board had it in for us.
CHARLEY: This is ridiculous!
DOCTOR: Orllensa, I don't think you have any choice but to fire directly at the ships.
ORLLENSA: ROSM, retarget weaponry.
ROSM: No further use of weaponry is permitted. You have violated Company directives and cannot be trusted with lethal force capability.
(Bang! Screams! Coughing.)
ROSM: Forward defence screen disabled. Engine power nil.
CHARLEY: I can't believe this! We're getting blown to pieces and that talking adding machine won't let us use the ship's guns.
ORLLENSA: We should have let him finish his diagnostics. He's not thinking straight.
DOCTOR: Orllensa, signal surrender to the Solarians. It's our only hope. Live to fight another day. Maybe we can talk them round.

ORLLENSA: I don't hold out much hope for that, but I'm not sold on the idea of being blown to pieces several hundred light years from home. Solarian ships, do you read me? We surrender.
FERRAS: Say unconditionally.
HALIARD: Shut up, Ferras. They're moving in. It's only a matter of minutes.
ORLLENSA: Well, I hope you're proud of yourself, ROSM.
ROSM: I am merely following Company policy.
ORLLENSA: You're merely being ridiculously stupid.
CHARLEY: Oh, how on Earth can the people of the future put such trust in the hands of
FERRAS: People of the future?
CHARLEY: Er, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I really do think it's time for the Tardis.
FERRAS: You mentioned that earlier. What do you mean?
DOCTOR: It's a way for us to escape. Come on!
(Running.)
ROSM: Solarian ship now engaging with ROSM airlock connector. Weapons disabled.

(Running stops.)
DOCTOR: This is it.
CHARLEY: Ah, the Tardis.
HALIARD: That's what we're going to escape in?
DOCTOR: As I think I've said before on more than one occasion, appearances can be deceptive.
CHARLEY: You'll be amazed when you get inside.
FERRAS: Yeah, I really believe you.
ORLLENSA: It's going to have to be pretty amazing inside to beat its outward appearance.
ROSM: Solarians now boarding ship.
CHARLEY: Quickly, Doctor. Open the door.
DOCTOR: Argh!
CHARLEY: Oh, no!
DOCTOR: It's a containment field. ROSM has put a containment field around it.
ORLLENSA: ROSM, shut off that containment field.
ROSM: The object is of unknown origin. Lifeforms Doctor and Charley are unknown aliens under investigation. Lifeform Charley contains cells inimical to human life. I cannot permit access to the alien object. In matters such as these, I outrank you, Orllensa.
DOCTOR: Do you ever get the feeling fate's against you?
ORLLENSA: Argh! You're right, Doctor. He won't even let *me* through.
FERRAS: Oh, come on, ROSM. Doesn't it mean anything to you that we're about to be wiped out by a bunch of angry aliens?
CHARLEY: Yes, I thought you were supposed to be rescuing the personnel at the base, not just letting them get killed!
HALIARD: Nothing. Thanks, ROSM, old mate.
DOCTOR: Shh. Listen, something's coming.
FERRAS: Oh, my God. It's them, isn't it. The Solarians.
ORLLENSA: Anyone got any ideas?
HALIARD: Er, hide?
CHARLEY: Where, exactly?
DOCTOR: I think it's too late for that.
CHARLEY: What *are* those things?
DOCTOR: Assault vehicle, I imagine.
CHARLEY: Miniature tanks?
SOLARIAN: Surrender. If you make one aggressive move, you will be killed. Is that understood? The question was not rhetorical.
ORLLENSA: Yes, it's understood. What happens now?
SOLARIAN: I want you to answer, you fools. Will you explain yourselves?
DOCTOR: Well, I'm the Doctor, this is Charley, and these are Orllensa, Haliard and Ferras. They are personnel of the base on the planet below. Charley and I are, well, we're travellers. We came here to find out what happened to the sun.
SOLARIAN: Why were you trespassing on our planet?
CHARLEY: *Your* planet?
SOLARIAN: Do you dispute our ownership?

CHARLEY: Yes.
FERRAS: For Christ's sake, Charley.
CHARLEY: Well, it isn't theirs, is it?
DOCTOR: She's got a point.
HALIARD: Yes, but is this the time to argue? Have you seen the weaponry on that thing?
CHARLEY: Sorry, er, I take that back.
ORLLENSA: Hello?
SOLARIAN: What makes you say it isn't our planet?
CHARLEY: Well, er, because
FERRAS: Don't say anything, Charley. They're just looking for an excuse to shoot you.
CHARLEY: Do they need one?
DOCTOR: Precisely.
SOLARIAN: Well?
DOCTOR: Because we've met the people who live there. Who've lived there for centuries.
SOLARIAN: Centuries? Oh.
CHARLEY: What's the matter with it?
DOCTOR: Yes, centuries.
SOLARIAN: In the dark? Centuries with no light?
CHARLEY: Yes, because of you and what you did to them with your, your plague or whatever it was.
FERRAS: That's it. They're definitely going to fry us. Thanks, Charley. Thanks a lot.
DOCTOR: They found a way of blocking out the light from their sun. They nearly destroyed themselves to do it, just to escape from the suffering your people put them through. Haven't you made them suffer enough?
CHARLEY: Why've you come back?
(Rattle of metal.)
FERRAS: Oh, my God. The top of that thing's opening.
ORLLENSA: I admire your courage, Doctor, but just what the hell have you let us in for?
DOCTOR: Watch.
(Thunk.)
CHARLEY: Oh, my goodness.
DOCTOR: Remind you of anyone?
SOLARIAN: You mean, there are still people down there? Alive?
DOCTOR: Yes. People much like yourselves.
SOLARIAN: That is because we are the same. Or were. I cannot believe it. We, we were in search of relics. Evidence of a lost civilisation, of people once much abused by my ancestors.
DOCTOR: Archeologists. Charley, don't you see? They're not full of vengeance, just curiosity.
CHARLEY: Doctor, they're Cimmerians too? Except with eyes.
DOCTOR: It's rather the other way round, wouldn't you say?
CHARLEY: Yes. Yes, of course.
ORLLENSA: Doctor, what exactly are you implying?
DOCTOR: The Cimmerians *are* the Solarians.

(Another game of draughts ends with a lot of clicks.)
FERRAS: Yes! Oh, yes!
HALIARD: How did you manage that?
FERRAS: Reverse psychology.
HALIARD: You what?
FERRAS: Well, something like that. You've beat me so many times at draughts
HALIARD: So?
FERRAS: Well, I just remembered the most infuriating ways you've done it and worked out a way to do it to you.
HALIARD: Really? Do you know what the truth is?
FERRAS: What?
HALIARD: I let you win.
FERRAS: Eh?
(Haliard laughs.)
FERRAS: What?
ORLLENSA: Is there any chance of you two giving me a hand?
(Door opens.)

HALIARD: I was rather under the impression you had it all sewn up, Orllensa.
(Door closes. Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Hello. How are the repairs going, Orllensa?
ORLLENSA: Just about finished, no thanks to these two.
CHARLEY: Oh, draughts! I'll give you a game.
FERRAS: You play him, not me. I'm sulking.
CHARLEY: Right, then.
HALIARD: Right. Do you want to be black or white?
CHARLEY: Oh, black.
HALIARD: Right, there you go, then.
CHARLEY: Okay, thanks.
ORLLENSA: So, I think ROSM's almost completely bypassed, except for the manual functions.
DOCTOR: Poor old thing. He was only doing his best.
ORLLENSA: And nearly getting us killed.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, there is that, I suppose.
ORLLENSA: You're worrying about the Solarians, aren't you?
DOCTOR: Have you heard anything from them?
ORLLENSA: Not since they kindly brought us back to the planet surface. It's all gone very quiet.
DOCTOR: Hmm.
ORLLENSA: Do you think they'll go back to the way things were before?
DOCTOR: Well, that's rather up to them, isn't it? It would be nice if they could learn by their mistakes, but people rarely do. We can only hope, Orllensa.
ORLLENSA: Mmm, very philosophical.
DOCTOR: I try to be. Ha, I have to be.
CHARLEY: There, there and there.
HALIARD: How'd you do that?
CHARLEY: Feminine guile.
DOCTOR: Come on, Charley. Ready to go?
CHARLEY: Yes, Doctor. Yes, I am.